

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 969.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1924.

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Another Reader's Home Gutted by FIRE!

JOHN BULL

p a y s £ 1 2 5

Following swiftly on the fire described on this page last week, wherein the home of one of our readers was completely gutted ("John Bull" paid £150), comes yet another tragedy involving the same terrible consequences. This time the home of Mrs. A. M. Connell, 12, School Street, Ellistown, New Tredegar, Mon., has been practically wiped out, household belongings and cherished private possessions, all falling a prey to the flames: A comfort, however. She had taken the precaution to register for "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift, and "John Bull" has, therefore, forwarded to her a cheque for £125.

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Reader's Signature

Name and Address of Newsagent

Date

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J.B. 27/12/24.

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J.B. 27/12/24.

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A Name Engraved in Gold on this Pen

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DIRECT FROM YORK-SHIRE TO YOUR DOOR PER PAIR.

9,000 pairs of our famous "FLEECY" White Blankets at enormous reduction. Heavy winter weight. Soft and warm. Guaranteed Brand New. Pairs 9/11 carriage paid. Three pairs, 25/11. SEND TO-DAY THE FIRST 10000 YOU COULD BUY. BRADFORD BLANKET CO (Dept. G.1), 41, Park Road, Bradford, Yorks.



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JOHN BULL

For the People—the
Right to Justice and Truth.

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the Sun never Sets.



This Week—

Special Articles by:

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HEROICALLY,
LONDON.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

A Nice Life.

Having visited Westminster to assure themselves that they really do possess seats in the House, M.P.s are now dispersed for a nice long Christmas holiday. "Everything comes to him who waits," seems to be their only message to the country.

Sleeping Dogs.

We fail to see what the Labour Party hope to gain by resuscitating the dead issue of the Zinovieff letter. Apart from the waste of valuable Parliamentary time, those who disturb sleeping dogs are apt to get bitten. Better to let them lie.

Labours' Love Lost.

The first brief Parliamentary session has made it clear that Mr. MacDonald no longer enjoys the united confidence of his Party. The Left Wing, led by Mr. Wheatley, is going to have its own way as time goes on.

Family Jars.

The antagonisms between the intellectuals, the trade unionists and the extremists are turning the Parliamentary Labour Party upside down. A split between the trade unionists and the pure politicians is scarcely avoidable in the near future.

Well Occupied.

In the Liberal camp the Radical element has quickly asserted its domination. In his endeavours to keep an eye on both Mr. Runciman and Sir John Simon, Mr. Lloyd George is in danger of developing a squint!

Putting the Clock Back.

The return of the Government to the deplorable practice of secret treaties is a severe set-back to democratic ideals. The plain man is rightly suspicious of anything that fears the light of day.

The Right Way.

We congratulate Mr. Chamberlain on his decision to refer the dangerous question of the Nile water to a joint Anglo-Egyptian Commission. And the proposal of a neutral President is a frank gesture of good faith.

Biff!

Australia has withdrawn her promised contribution to Singapore. South Africa is definitely hostile to it, and declares, "We have nothing to do with it, and want nothing to do with it." What case there was for this folly has been destroyed.

No Intervention!

This country is in imminent danger of being entangled in the North African imbroglio. The Moroccan morass is as little use to us as Mesopotamia. We could wish Mr. Chamberlain had been more communicative about his tour.

We Should Like to Know.

Professor Gilbert Murray's power of thought-reading ought to be turned to account. Why not send him to Paris to discover what the French Cabinet is really thinking about that unpaid debt?

Europe's Only Hope.

A Committee of Experts, working in a business-like spirit, cleared up Reparations and produced the Dawes Report. Is it not time a similar Committee tackled Europe's indebtedness?

Shirking the Issue.

Civilisation has little cause to be proud of the futile Opium Convention that has failed so dismally at Geneva. Such a morally indefensible traffic has no place as a vested interest in any part of the British Empire.

Bilking the Treasury.

On March 31 of this year, overdue and unpaid taxes amounted to the staggering sum of £200,000,000, and the bulk of this is still uncollected. There is clearly some appalling inefficiency in Whitehall. Now, Mr. Churchill!

No Problem.

To return to the penny post would cost the country £5,000,000. To build a useless dock at Singapore will cost the country £10,000,000. We can't see where the difficulty about the penny post comes in.

A Danger Signal.

British steel works are unable to sell their goods abroad, despite the comparatively low wages the steel workers receive. Production costs must fall—and that means, among other things, reduced taxation, reduced railway and dock charges, and reduced rates.

Call That Conference.

The case of the steel works is typical of the whole of British industry. Yet we see no attempt to grapple with the problem as a whole. And piecemeal efforts are rather worse than useless.

Change Them Again!

Sir Arthur Keith says that our faces are changing. Certainly the taxpayer's mouth now turns down at the corners. Here is Mr. Chancellor Churchill's chance. He can, if he will, make the corners turn up again.

Enterprise at Last.

The railways are to be congratulated on their decision to spend some of their hoarded millions in providing sorely needed work. There was never any need for their excessive caution.

No Thoroughfare!

At this stage in the railway dispute we have only one thing to say. Both sides would do well to realise that there is no solution to be found via higher fares and increased freightage.

Getting On.

The Food Prices Commission has already discovered what everybody knew—that the nigger in the wood pile is the quite superfluous middleman. But the real task is to find means of introducing this bashful gentleman to the limelight.

Wrong Headed.

Commercial theory has undergone a change since the war. Then it used to be a big turnover at a small profit; now it is a small turnover at an immense profit. It is a new version of the doctrine of "Self-help."

Up Again.

In a fortnight flour has risen 2s. We begin to understand more and more what a happy choice it was to call it "self-raising" flour.

The Tragic Farce.

The Union of Building Trade Workers has a number of members drawing unemployment pay. Despite the shortage of houses, there is a shortage of work because there is a shortage of materials. Yet Britain prides itself on its business ability!

The Building Ring.

Let those who lay the whole blame for the housing shortage on the operative bricklayer ponder this from the *Master Builder*: "We are not producing enough bricks even for the inadequate builders we possess." The obvious retort to which is "Why not?"

Fishy Figures.

The coalowners say the pits are unprofitable, and many of them are worn out. But if the State wishes to buy these unprofitable mines, the price is fixed at £240,000,000. That is a very fair price for a worthless article!

There's a Reason.

To the farmers' union, who are objecting to any criticism of their methods, we commend the plain fact that in Denmark—where the natural fertility of the land is less than in Britain—the yield of foodstuffs per acre is considerably higher.

Thank You for Nothing!

The spirits, according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, say that the world is coming into an absolutely impossible position. That's the worst of these spirits. They never tell us anything we don't know.

JOHN BULL

A Direct Hint.

That it should be left to Lord Carson and the House of Lords to raise the question of the activities of moneylenders is a reproach to the House of Commons. It is the people's representatives who should deal with these pests.

Disciplining the Doctors.

The autocratic insolence of the General Medical Council would be funny if it were not so inimical to the best interests of the public. They are misusing permissive powers under an Act of Parliament that stands in need of amendment.

Equality of Treatment.

The Lord Chamberlain's objection to politicians being caricatured on the stage reveals a strange solicitude for a race of men who are not remarkable for being thin-skinned! But why not be logical, and object to policemen—and other public servants?

Scientific Common-sense.

We commend to our Home Office the Belgian decision to treat "deficients" as subjects for medical treatment and not as criminals. Two-thirds of our criminals would yield to curative methods, whereas social revenge only confirms them in crime.

They Wake Up.

The authorities are beginning to discover at last the scandal of the mock marriages of alien women who are anxious to avoid deportation. It is months since we first drew the attention of Scotland Yard to it. Now they are finding that we spoke from knowledge.

Good Luck to Them.

The decision of the teachers to agree to arbitration on the question of the proposed reduction of their salaries is a commendable one. With Lord Burnham as arbitrator they will get fair play.

Put the Drag on the Drug!

Another death from veronal poisoning occurred this past week. Sir William Willcox himself says that the drug should be scheduled in the Dangerous Drugs Act, so now, perhaps, the Home Office will take action. Sir William is consulting medical officer to the Home Office.

Stop Felix Walking!

If the police spent more time in endeavouring to prevent and detect crime, and less in the rigid enforcement of pettifogging by-laws there would soon be a serious increase of unemployment among the "cat-burglars" and their colleagues.

At Last!

The promised legislation to abolish the anomalies of the Motor Car Act and remove its antiquated irritations is long overdue. And in its provisions for severer penalties for roadhogs is the culmination of a campaign we have waged for months.

It's Much Needed.

Great efforts are to be made to improve the lighting at Wembley next year. We hope that one result of this will be to enable the mistakes of the mismanagement Board to be seen in time to prevent a repetition of their muddles.

Hello! Hello!

The Postmaster-General has had it pointed out to him that he supplies a dear telephone to 23 persons per thousand of population compared with 131 in the United States. Even the Germans have 35. But our telephone has become a State monopoly. And monopolists, like sailors, don't care!

The Golden Fleece.

Mr. Ben Turner has our support in suggesting jail for wool gamblers who profit at the expense of textile workers and all who wear clothes. High prices mean that working families can't afford warm clothing, and the textile worker has to be put on short time. Meanwhile the speculator gets away with the swag. It's up to Mr. Baldwin to get busy.

In a Cleft Stick.

The anomaly of sweepstake prosecutions cannot rest with the fining of a Burnley working-men's club £400. Either every club that runs a sweepstake must be prosecuted or an idiotic law must be amended. We fancy the amendment wins!

Our Brighter Parsons.

We wish the best of luck to the Rev. T. P. Stevens, who has taken over the dilapidated church of St. Matthew, New Kent Road, and has his coat off to the job of making it a bright spot in a drab part of London. He has gone on strike against hymns like "Brief life is here our portion," and is roping in first-class musicians to give solos.

Made a Criminal.

Three years' penal servitude for shop-lifting! Because of this terrible sentence Elizabeth Smith embraced a life of crime, and now after twenty years of it she has been remanded by a London magistrate for an enquiry into the state of her mind. Maybe she is mad; if so, part of the responsibility rests with the judge who passed that first brutal sentence for a girl's first lapse.

Prison Reform.

If the Home Secretary is serious in his intention to reform the prisons, he has our best wishes. For many months we have urged this, suggesting that the best lines of reform are the extension of the probationary system to elderly offenders, the sending of offenders to prison only as a last recourse, and the assistance of prisoners to regain their feet on discharge.

The Human Machine.

Facing Fear

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

WRITING to me about my remarks on fear, a correspondent says: "For weeks I have put off having a tooth extracted because of the fear it causes me. I know I am foolish. I realise that I am not frightened of having gas. I don't really mind the thought of having the tooth out. Yet looked at as a whole, the operation frightens me so much that week after week passes without my going to the dentist. What am I to do?"



The lady who writes thus has really answered her own question. She has tackled her fear in the right way, but has failed to realise it, and so has not made any use of her knowledge.

Writing on "Fear" I said: "Face it boldly, analyse it, lay bare its roots, and discover if there is any real foundation for it."

My correspondent has done this. Does she fear taking gas? Clearly not. Does she fear the actual extraction? She admits that she does not. What does she fear?

She has discovered that the fear—if she tackles each part separately—loses its power. Her mistake is to slip back from this little analysis to a vague, general idea that is terrifying just because it is vague.

The fear comes from the vagueness, the inherent terror of the unknown, plus, I have no doubt, a number of unpleasant recollections.

Her remedy is (1) to try to forget any past experiences; (2) to stand by her analysis and face each part of the problem separately; (3) to realise that every element of the problem is known to her. There is no vague "something" concerned that she cannot define; (4) to keep her thoughts strictly within these limits.

Such an attack on a fear reduces it to its proper proportions.

"A Hero Left to Starve."

The sad plight of Lieut. Elliott, which we published in a recent issue, has brought us several letters of sympathy for him. We are going further into this ex-officer's case and hope to be able to get the authorities to investigate fully his grievances. Meantime, we thank a reader living in the Avenue Ste. Claire, Cimiez, Nice, for sending us a sovereign for this poor lieutenant, who is still very ill.

Work and Morals.

In Manchester there are some employers who make the lives of the women they employ in their offices and warehouses a horror by seeking to defile them. Such men must pay the price of their prurency. For this reason it is satisfactory that Isaac Ross, of Granton Street, Cheetham, has been retired for a six-months' course in morality at Strangeways.

The Farce of Work.

In Norfolk there is a father who works on a farm, has a wife and eight children, and whose wages are 21s. 7d. per week. He would get more if he was on the dole. But when the St. Faith's Guardians arranged to supply the family with flour the Ministry of Health forbade on the grounds that the man was in work. And yet, the children are weak for want of nourishment. So long as agriculture involves distress of this character it will remain in its present slough of despond.

Red Tape and Tragedy.

We should have liked to hear more details in the evidence given at the inquest on Frederick Ernest Kennington, of Camden Road, Walthamstow, the swimmer found drowned in the Thames with bricks in his pockets. He was stated to have been upset through a refusal of unemployment benefit over some point connected with his leaving work. We know that the official machine can be a cruel master. There should be more latitude to deal with individual cases on their merits.

Too Smart Youth.

Only eighteen, Horace William Powell had enough gumption to start a publicity business and to direct it, but not enough strength of character to keep on telling the truth when things began to go awry. By telling lies, he persuaded two men each to invest £50, with the result that he has been bound over for two years. We note with interest that the cash went into the company and that the youth did not pocket it. With his energy Powell will go farther by going straight.

Squandering Life.

One poor woman in Southwark is so poor and so hopelessly in debt to her landlady that she cannot even afford a cot for her baby. Thus the life of the infant was in danger from one cause or another. But Dr. Waldo, the coroner with a big heart, gave her £2 from the poor box with which to get suitable sleeping accommodation for her child. Dr. Waldo has to investigate deaths of so many babies that he is probably inspired by the tragedies of his court to endeavour to reduce the terrible toll of infantile mortality. Infant life should be taken care of.

Cheating the Flames.

In a charming Middlesex village called Laleham the sting has been happily removed from what might have been a fire-tragedy, when Covert's Cottage, inhabited by Mr. A. G. Paxton, was recently caught in the grip of the fire fiend. In the twinkling of an eye the possessions of a lifetime were consumed by the hungry tongues of flame, and Mr. Paxton's future looked as hopeful as the heaps of dead ashes that were all that remained of his happy home. But that gloomy future has been charged with hope, for Mr. Paxton has received a cheque for £150 in settlement of his claim under the JOHN BULL Free Insurance scheme. The moral for you is obvious.

The Prince from Russia.

When some time ago we criticised the activities of Prince Andrew of Russia in the concern, called the Regent's Park Country Club, we said that people without business experience should not meddle with grandiose company flotations. The club has closed down, and the Prince is now bankrupt, with liabilities in this country amounting to £14,078 and assets—nil!

Half-hour Husbands.

Archibald Arthur King is an impudent criminal in trying to appeal against sentence of three years for bigamously marrying two women. As Mr. Justice Avory pointed out, he is one of the men who marry alien prostitutes and loose them in British cities to add to the corruption of public morals. The fact of having a British husband saves them from deportation and they go on spreading immorality and disease.

Others, Beware!

We have lately received many telephone calls from people—including the managing director of a well-known daily paper, the manager of a large motor company, and the Commanding Officer of an army unit—asking whether we know anything about George Breton who had sought their permission to hold "Christmas and New Year Collections" throughout their organisations. We do. George is a persistent humbug with a bad record as a charity cheat.

A Good Move.

Our recent exposures of Loan and Slate Club swindles, many of which end disastrously every year when the Christmas "share-out" is due, have been followed by the interesting announcement that Mr. Frank Briant, M.P. for Lambeth, is introducing a Bill to prevent sharks from having complete control over the large sums of money entrusted to them by poor investors. We hope every member of Parliament will support him.

Keep Him Out!

We warn the police to keep their eye on the movements of the Chinese colony in Hamburg, and on the activities of the rascally yellow undesirables in Liverpool's Chinatown. When they recently turned a Chinaman named Choy back at the time he was trying to land in this country, they delivered a great blow to the dope gang on the Continent. But an equally dangerous deputy for Choy will get into this country if the ports are not very closely watched.

One of Many.

Months ago, in an article headed "The Imitation Woman," we warned the police of a gang of degenerate men who infest the West End for immoral purposes. One of them, William King, was caught the other day and sent to jail for nine months. He was well known to the police as an associate of blackmailers. On him were found face-powder, scented handkerchiefs and photographs of himself dressed as a woman. These nasty pests must be driven from our streets.

While There's Life—

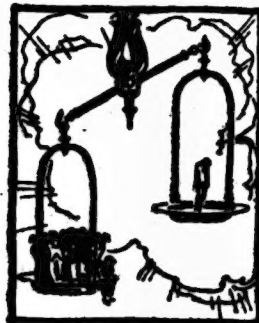
An Austrian of English descent was penniless, having gambled his money away. In despair he shot his wife, son and daughter and then poisoned himself. In the post was a letter to the man telling him that an inheritance of £53,000 had been released by the English courts. The letter came by the next morning's delivery. Fate had played him a joke—he was a quitter. We don't feel sorry for him, but we do for the three to whom he gave death instead of life.

A Storm in a Tea-cup.

We agree with Mr. Waddy, the Tower Bridge magistrate, when a man was charged before him with stealing two china cups worth sixpence, and with damaging another worth twopence, and he said it was a shocking waste of time to send such a trumpery case to the Assizes instead of allowing it to be dealt with at the police court. The time of a judge, jury, and of all the officials of the Court, will be spent enquiring into eight penn'orth of damage; and the legal maxim says that the law does not concern itself with trifles.

Problems of Life.

Individuality



ARE the interests of the individual and society the same?

Not always; and it is because administrators tend to forget this that much of the trouble arises from which humanity suffers.

One of the perils of our day is the exaggerated value which is placed upon social as contrasted with individual claims: the State is encroaching more and more upon individual liberty.

Modern Germany is a land where for generations the basic principle of government has been that the abstraction called the Fatherland has the right to demand everything from the individual in order to maintain and increase its own prosperity.

We know the disaster this obsession brought upon the world.

IN their several ways other nations are under a similar delusion.

Even that land of democratic individualism, the United States, has bowed its neck to the yoke. It multiplies officials, taxes, and public control of private life: in fact there is much less social tolerance in America than in Britain.

The expense of government in every civilised country becomes progressively greater and more

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

burdensome to the ordinary citizen. That forcible thinker, Bertrand Russell, has much to say on what he calls "the administrative fallacy,"—seeking the good of the whole instead of the individuals composing it.

The body politic has neither meaning nor worth except as it is able to promote the happiness and welfare of its constituent human beings, each by each and one by one. The good of the individual is the end to be aimed at by all statesmanship.

IT is true that, as Benjamin Kidd says, civilisation is a social, not an individual inheritance; and it is also true, as Major Douglas shows, that the greatest factor in the production of wealth is neither labour nor capital, but social progress in the arts of life. But if these gains are not to be individually enjoyed they might as well not be there.

Britain is the forty odd million people who live in it—the Britain worth living and dying for—and these are individual men and women, not one of whom precisely resembles any other.

There is no average person: every human being is unique, as all mothers know.

That form of social organisation is best in which individuality is most respected and finds fullest and freest expression.

Let us keep this ever before us and suffer no mass tyranny to rob us of our due.

* Dr. Campbell's "John Bull" Articles have just been published in book form by John Lane at 5/-

"Young Wife's Gethsemane."

In our issue of August 16 last, and in a "Sentence of the Court," the prisoner in our dock was Dr. Percy Bateman of Deptford. Our jury found the accused "Guilty" of a charge of shockingly mishandling the case of a woman patient in child-birth. An Old Bailey jury has just sent him to jail for six months for neglect of duty.

Anxious Ikey.

"I am always anxious to do business," says B. Isaac, a moneylender, of 8, Minard Road, Partick, N.B. So anxious, indeed, that he spends money on stamps for follow-up letters urging people to send him "the small amount mentioned to defray the necessary out-of-pocket expenses attending the loan." If his intentions are strictly honourable, why cannot he be content to deduct the expenses from the amount of the loan?

From Over the Pond.

We warn the public not to be caught by a firm called Messrs. Montayne and Co., a set of Yankee sharks, of 23, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. Montayne and Company are offering bargains to the public in the shape of "units" in American financial enterprises, and their proposition gives no real guarantee as to the soundness or value of the "units" they are so anxious to dispose of for real money. When you get their circular ask yourself why, if they are worth anything, they are not snapped up "across the pond."

No Sparks.

The "Auto Lighting and Ignition Co." of 444, Edgware Road, W., call themselves "Specialists in Dynamo, Starter and Magneto Repairs," but they seem to be very slow sparks. More than six months have elapsed since a reader sent this concern a magneto for exchange with a postal order for 12s. 6d., but he can obtain neither the new magneto which was promised him nor the return of the old one. If the firm is unable to supply the goods they should return the money.

Another Reader's Home Guttered

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £125

See page 2.

Behind the Scenes.

A thief named Robert Dresh, who described himself as a motor driver, has just been "sent down" for nine months for stealing a motor van in the East End of London. This man was a member of a notorious gang of Hoxton thieves. The police will learn much, and be able to protect the public from many future motor thefts, if they enquire into the activities of some members of the gang of ruffians who associated themselves with Dresh in his trickery and fraud.

Slow Motion Photography.

The proprietor of the Premier Studio, 277, Paisley Road, Glasgow, seems to specialise in slow motion photography. So long ago as last March a travelling representative took photographs of a reader's house and collected £1 15s. for the finished pictures, but up till now they have not been forthcoming, and even the Glasgow police seem unable to extract anything more than promises from Mr. Alfred Fry Waddell, who apparently owns this slow studio.

Easy Money.

Eastoe and Perry, the house agents, of Essex Road, Islington, N., whose methods we have repeatedly criticised, are still making easy money. A reader who answered an advertisement: "Wanted; An unfurnished flat," was kept busy for days turning away callers, all of whom had paid fees to this firm for information regarding vacant rooms. As everyone who answered the advertisement no doubt had a similar experience, it can readily be understood what a fine haul these fishers of fools got from the bait of one small ad.

Sleuths and Sixpences.

Anyone may become a Sherlock Holmes, according to W. Wallace and W. J. Mumford, of 23, Ladysmith Avenue, Seven Kings, Ilford, Essex, by spending the small sum of seven shillings and sixpence on a course of instruction conducted by them. Seeing that private detective work in this country is almost entirely in the hands of retired police officers and superannuated solicitors' clerks, who have a life-time of experience to guide them in the devilish ways of life, we do not think much of the chances of any Tom, Dick or Harry finding fame for three half-crowns.

ANOTHER CHARITY MYSTERY

AMAZING APPEAL FOR CHILDREN'S HOSPITALS

Who is the Mysterious Mr. Bates?

AT the present moment an organised effort is being made to raise money for the "Children's Hospitals" of London—a very worthy object and one with which all charitable people have the greatest sympathy.

Now, if a thing of this kind is going to be done it should be done in a way that will command the confidence of the public. It should be, in fact, a national movement under the patronage, which we have no doubt would be cheerfully given, of the highest in the land. Then the public would know who was taking charge of their money and seeing that it would be wisely and properly expended.

But instead of open and frank publicity we find that an appeal for the "Children's Hospitals" is being conducted in a way that we can only describe as a singular example of hole-and-corner obscurity.

An advertisement appears in the Press telling smart men who can canvass London and its suburbs that they can easily earn £1 a day. Such men are invited to call upon Ginnett & Co., 7, Bear Street, Leicester Square, London, W.C.

A Pound a Day

When they call they are told how they can make their pound a day. It is by selling books of tickets in a competition to name the most progressive countries in the world. Part of the money so collected, after paying the prizes to winners to the amount of £200, and after expenses have been deducted, is to be handed "to the Children's Hospital as Charity."

One would naturally think from this that the Children's Hospital, by which the public understand that

excellent institution in Great Ormond Street, had authorised Messrs. Ginnett & Co. to undertake this campaign for raising funds.

We took the liberty of asking the Secretary of the Children's Hospital if this were so. The Children's Hospital had not requested Ginnett & Co. to do this, and expressed strong disapproval of it.

We, therefore, took the further liberty of asking Messrs. Ginnett & Co. who had authorised them or requested them to undertake this work of national importance, and whether there was a committee of responsible people to guarantee its conduct.

The Waiting Queue

The answer, again, was surprising. Messrs. Ginnett & Co. replied that they were not directly concerned with this appeal at all, but that it was being run by a Mr. C. F. Bates, at whose disposal they had placed a room in their offices.

An applicant for the position of canvasser went, at our suggestion, to investigate this proposition of making £1 a day out of the charitable public. He did not see Mr. Bates, who was not there. But he saw a lady with a foreign accent who explained the scheme. A queue of applicants had preceded him.

The applicant paid 2s. as a deposit and gave them his name. He was to sell tickets anywhere he liked for 3d. each and to retain for himself 6d. out of every half-crown obtained.

He asked for some authority to sell these tickets. The authority is a document signed by Mr. C. F. Bates.

Not satisfied, he asked what the police might say to this method of collecting money for the Children's

Hospital which had not authorised it. He was told by this lady that the police not only knew of the scheme, but had approved of it.

Our dissatisfied representative got in touch with Mr. Bates over the telephone and asked him the same question. His reply was that he had been to Scotland Yard, and the authorities had approved the scheme.

We do not know whom he saw at Scotland Yard, but we have the authority of Mr. G. H. Edwards, O.B.E., the Assistant Secretary there, to say that the Scotland Yard authorities have not given, and certainly would not give, approval for such a scheme.

It may be that in the rules the promise to give the money available from this collection to the Children's Hospital is a printer's error for the Children's Hospitals. We, therefore, ask what Children's Hospitals have authorised Mr. Bates to organise a fund for them. The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, N.E., one of the biggest hospitals for children in London, know nothing of the matter, and the Secretary also represented this method of collection.

Five Million Tickets

Why, then, is Mr. Bates collecting for these hospitals without their authority and against their wish? Has he a committee behind him?

If he has such an approving committee, when was it appointed and why was it not published on the tickets now being sold to an uninformed public?

We do not know how many tickets have so far been sold, but one printer was asked by Mr. Bates in writing to quote for five million tickets, with the suggestion that more might eventually be required!

Songs That Break Your Heart

Another awful injustice to old Erin.

THE poet, it has been said, is born, not made. But not all of them devote their great gifts to charity and good works, as does the author of those affecting songs "Farewell, dearest Erin," and "An Arab's Love Song."

The author of these effusions is Mr. Charles Newland, of 15, Kinver Road, Sydenham, S.E., and it is his ambition, by the sale of his publications, to raise money for a movement he is running for the benefit of discharged convicts and prisoners.

We are satisfied that Mr. Newland is anxious to benefit discharged convicts and prisoners, for he is one of them himself.

The musical critic of the *Irish Times*, if a Press notice is correctly quoted, thinks very highly of Mr. Newland's poem entitled "Farewell, dearest Erin." On the contrary, we think that it is the title that will most commend this song to the Irish people. They should be very glad to

be rid of Mr. Newland, though if he claims to be an Irishman his statement should be disbelieved until other proof is forthcoming.

The only evidence we have is intrinsic evidence—in the poem itself, where he says of Ireland:

"I lingered long till time bereft me,"—a phrase that perhaps refers to his first conviction in 1917 for bigamously marrying a woman and then robbing her.

The Irish newspaper says this song will transport its possessors for the time being—and the demand will probably exceed the output for some time. The references to "time" are disconcerting. Perhaps they refer to Mr. Newland's second conviction in 1922—three years for obtaining money by fraud.

In any case nobody should send any money to Newland, who is a shameless and wicked and persistent humbug. He has been a racing tipster, a religious convert, a mis-

sloner to sailors and a tremendously active begging letter-writer.

His proposed work for ex-convicts is simply a cover for money-cadging. He talks of the great work of convicts in the war. As he was sent to jail in 1917—we see how he did his bit.

He recently started a concern called The Ever Open Doors of Industry, with the same familiar object—of helping ex-convicts. We exposed it and closed its doors.

Many people are now being circularised by this acute rascal. We give his record for no other reason than to warn the public against being exploited by this professional beggar and poetic humbug with the prosaic past.

There is nothing meaner than the begging letter-writer, with his Pecksniffian references to the Almighty and his persistent refusal to show balance-sheets and accounts. We have repeatedly exposed Newland—he is still confident of finding dupes.

The Sin in Cinema

Scandal of the back row.

FROM time to time we have received complaints concerning the disgusting activities of evil men and women of ill-repute who frequent London and Provincial cinematograph theatres for immoral purposes.

Before us as we write is a long statement from the Governor of one of Britain's most famous prisons. This gentleman, whose name we must treat in confidence, has been looking after shady characters for nearly a quarter of a century, and is highly indignant at the state of affairs he recently discovered in a cinema in the West End.

He went into the place to see a special film, at three in the afternoon, and took a seat in the back row. He had only been sitting down a few moments when a young woman came up and occupied the next seat. A little later she opened conversation.

The prison governor naturally had no desire to converse with this strange woman, and was amazed when she suddenly made a suggestion to him.

One of Many

He discovered that she was a member of a gang of women who use certain cinemas for the purpose of carrying on indecent practices on the elderly men in the back rows. The Governor very properly declined to be drawn into her net.

The lady then asked for five shillings as she was hard up, and on this being refused, she savagely demanded an explanation from the gentleman as to why he was sitting in the back row.

To his still greater resentment she told him plainly that the back rows were always reserved for demi-mondaines who use them to extort money from decadent men in the dark.

Completely disgusted, the prison governor left the hall, and as he went past he saw some twenty or more women sitting with men in the back row in what appeared to be very questionable positions.

The truth is that some of these women make between thirty and forty pounds a week by sitting in specially selected cinema theatres during the afternoon, carrying on objectionable practices with elderly men who are sent "to the back rows" by touts for the purpose of meeting these female parasites.

Tips for Touts

We do not acquit from blame the managers of these cinemas, though they cannot be expected to know the evil intentions of some patrons.

But they can, and must, stop these practices by impressing upon their employees—many of whom pick up a good number of tips by knowingly looking the other way—that the moment they discover anything like this taking place they must report it. As the prison governor says: "How can one take one's wife or daughters to the pictures if this sort of thing is tolerated?"

The answer is that it must not be tolerated any longer.

Another Cult of Love

THE "BLACK BIRD" SCANDAL

Hypnotised with Fear.

FORTY THOUSAND ASIATICS ON BRITISH SHIPS

Our Own Men Starving and Unemployed

WE hope that the police will keep an eye on an American citizen named Pierre Arnold Baker, who is said to be preparing for a Pacific invasion of this country with a view to getting converts for the "religion of love" that he has formed.

This man, who began life as a barber in a small American town, purports to have a profound knowledge of Oriental philosophy and mysticism.

The initiates of his Secret Order are taught to attend mysterious rites at which both sexes are present, and at which one of the features is a semi-nude dance of the members of the "Love Cult" to the sound of soft music.

He also advocates "Free Love" as part of the "Higher Wisdom." The sad thing is that he leads people into believing that he is in possession of occult knowledge and lures people who are sincere and honest in seeking it, into the lodge houses of the Cult.

Last Souls.

From some he takes their character; from others their money. Many women, young and beautiful, and of good position, have been ruined by their association with this dangerous person.

Some of these women, when they were in trouble, were given facilities for having illegal operations performed upon them. The law in this country takes a very strong view about such manifestations of the "Higher Wisdom."

There are many important and influential people who are members of his Order, and this helps him to maintain his prestige. In America there is a large proportion of the population which will always interest itself in new religious cults. Those who allowed themselves to become enthusiastic for Baker's Cult ought to have had a shock when one of his chief subordinates, a man named Hargis, was sent to jail for fraud.

A Painful Lesson.

There is, in this country, also, a surprisingly large number of people who are willing to believe new systems of "religion," provided only that they are invented by people of other nationalities. It is to protect these people that this warning is issued.

One man who, to his sorrow, was once an "initiate" says that the real trouble in bringing Baker to book is that his pupils are all more or less hypnotised with fear and are afraid to expose him because he, in turn, always arranges compromising situations to enable him to make it very unpleasant for his dupes.

The post in this country is being used to approach likely "initiates." If they are fools enough to listen to the specious pleadings of Baker and his satellites, without knowing the real inner corruption of their "Free Love" organisation, they are likely to learn a very painful lesson.

TO-DAY, six years after the war is over, 20 per cent. of our merchant seamen are unemployed, tramping from dock to dock in search of a berth.

Many of these men were torpedoed in the Great War, and now, in a land fit for heroes, their wives and children go hungry. The last blow has fallen. Under the new Anglo-German Commercial Treaty, German sailors are to be allowed to work on British ships.

No doubt the object of the Treaty is to increase trade and to put more ships into commission. But the immediate prospect is that German sailors, perhaps men who sank our hospital ships, may be working on British vessels side by side with the men who were torpedoed, while other British sailors still continue their weary tramp for work.

We say on behalf of unemployed British sailors that, while accepting the Treaty, British shipowners need not and should not employ German sailors while thousands of British seamen are starving.

While this new menace to our gallant sailors is developing, their old difficulties are growing more serious. Day by day the number of Asiatics—Chinese and lascars—and also of Arabs, employed in British ships, is increasing.

They are cheap. Some of them are British citizens. But most of them are aliens, and it is a crying shame that British shipowners, to increase their dividends, should put British sailors out of their jobs.

Worse than this, many of these Asiatics are a danger to the travelling public. They are untrustworthy in the hour of danger and in almost any emergency, for only a few have more than the merest smattering of

English and can promptly grasp the meaning of any but the most ordinary words of command.

There is a wholesale traffic in Arab seamen in certain Continental ports. The "Crimps," as our sailors call them, supply these men with passports to England from places like Hamburg and Antwerp and Rotterdam. Arrived here they are put up in boarding houses—dreadful dens of vice—kept by foreigners in our seaport towns.

They are cheap labour and can get ships when British seamen can't.

The people who Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, send these poor President, Board of Trade devils to Hamburg and Rotterdam from places like Alexandria and Port Said, and the people who fleece them in the Cardiff and Liverpool and London ports, make substantial sums of money.

There are, as we have said, twenty thousand British seamen unemployed to-day. There are nearly forty thousand yellow and coloured men working on British ships! The war was not won by coolies and lascars, but by the British seamen who kept us from starvation.

Many of the Asiatics who come to this country by sea did not understand the contracts they signed, and the profits gained go to the "Crimps" who sent them here. But many of them come here to stay.

There is always a refuge in Chinatown, Limehouse; in Pitt Street, Liverpool, and in Bute Street, Car-



diff, for a "smuggled in" Chinaman. He is very useful as "sweated labour" to the compatriots who shelter him, and they squeeze him dry. He squeezes others in turn.

Prostitutes are imported here in great numbers from foreign countries. Husbands, who leave them at the register office, are found for them, so as to give them English nationality and provide against deportation. The foreign seaport boarding-house keepers are experts at this game.

British seamen are calling to JOHN BULL for help in remedying their grievances; we give it willingly. We have no hesitation in turning the light of publicity on the dangers to the community of Asiatic labour on British ships, to the danger to our seamen themselves owing to the insanitary conditions which the Asiatics create even on well-found vessels. The officers suffer less than the British fo'c'sle hands, who have cramped quarters, stuffy atmosphere and inferior food to contend with.

We ask British shipowners to give British sailors fair play. We ask them to give no jobs to German sailors, even when they have the right to do so, until British seamen have had the first chance.

We ask the Board of Trade to inspect seaport boarding-houses run by foreigners for Asiatic seamen with stringent regularity.

We call upon it to see also that no alien or coloured person be employed on British ships unless he understands English. The terrible scenes when the *Egypt* was lost emphasises this necessity.

The seamen who saved us in our hour of peril must not be abandoned to suffering, starvation and despair.

Gleaners in Old Pastures

They still want your money—this time for charity.

THERE are many stories told about Aberdeen, the famous Scottish granite city. It is inhabited by a hardy and a prudent race, fully qualified to look after its own affairs.

We only intervene in these affairs because an "Annual Appeal" is being broadcast for something called the Northern Evangelistic Association, which is seeking contributions for free meals for destitute children and gifts of food and clothing for the aged and deserving poor.

That there are aged and deserving poor in Aberdeen as elsewhere we do not doubt. But if contributions for them are to be solicited, not only in Scotland but also in England, Ireland and Wales, we should like to know who is behind the appeal.

If the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, for example, were behind it, we should have some confidence in it. So far as we know he is not, and we should like to have his opinion about

it. We are led to understand that the founder of the Mission is an ex-Salvation Army official, who is described as the Rev. A. J. Matthews, and a "Gifted Evangelist," who describes himself as the Rev. J. R. Penrose.

In any case the Charity Organisation Society does not recommend this association, and has found great difficulty in getting any balance-sheets from it.

But we gather that the Rev. Penrose gets a salary, that his wife also gets a commission on money collected, and that other collectors are paid on the objectionable system of retaining a portion of what they get from the public for charity.

The last time we saw a balance-sheet it showed that most of the money collected went in salaries and "expenses."

The public, when they give a donation to help hungry children and aged and deserving poor, have no

desire that the major portion of their money should go for the upkeep of people who do not appear to be young and innocent and indigent, or aged and deserving poor.

We therefore advise the charitable to have nothing to do with this organisation, or with any other, unless proper balance-sheets are produced and proper committees quoted as an indication of good faith, real work and efficient administration.

The labourer is worthy of his hire, but there are far too many gleaners in the field of charity who glean little more than what it costs to keep them gleaming.

If the charitable public gives its donations direct, the benefits will go entirely to the object intended.

There is no guarantee at all of this in these highly objectionable schemes in which the collectors can retain from the collections as much for "expenses" as is thought requisite.

Homes for £20

A Spider and a Webb.

A COUNTY Court judge has exceptional opportunities of appraising the honesty of furniture dealers who advertise attractively to newly married couples and those about to marry, and full weight should therefore be given to the remarks of Judge Crawford in the Edmonton County Court concerning F. Webb, of 478, High Road, Tottenham, N.

He said that Webb's methods revealed a disgraceful state of things and that the course of business adopted was very reprehensible. He further expressed a hope that the Public Prosecutor would stop it.

This man Webb, who combines with his house furnishing business the functions of a moneylender, seems to have but one idea in life, to get money without the slightest regard for honesty.

He advertises suites of furniture, "a complete home," for £19 19s., saying the bargain can be secured by paying a small deposit.

A lady sent Webb £5. She learned too late that the goods would not be delivered until the whole £19 19s. had been paid.

She offered to complete the payment on delivery. This was not good enough for Webb, who not only refuses to deliver the furniture, but declines to refund the deposit.

Crutchey's Fate

By the sad sea waves.

TO go bankrupt for a hundred thousand pounds is a brilliant calamity; to owe £2 for rates is a practical disaster.

There is a poor man in Blackpool known as "Crutchey," a one-legged night-watchman, with little in the world to make life worth living except the love and affection of his dog. "Crutchey" was sent to jail because he could not pay his rates—a matter of £2. Nearly seven hundred other people are being summoned for a similar reason!

His dog was so disconsolate that it would have died but for a kind-hearted dog-lover who found it and, learning what had happened, paid the rates and released the poor old man whose dog had given him so good a character and testimony.

But what is the sense of sending a poor old cripple like "Crutchey" to jail because he can't pay his rates? Obviously the rates are too high—for Blackpool is spending money like water to improve its attractions for others than the ratepayers.

Sending "Crutchey" to jail for a month meant charging the State more for his maintenance than he owed in rates. Why should the State, which is the man in the street, be a rate-collector for Blackpool?

Does it help a man to pay his rates to deprive him of his job?

MAKING THE ANGELS WEEP

Children and the Social Worker

CRUELTY to children is, above everything, the offence which arouses the indignation of all decent people. Do our magistrates and stipendiaries realise how deep and fierce this indignation is?

The other day a man named Samuel Redmond was brought before the Glasgow Sheriff Court on a charge of cruelly assaulting his son. He stripped this ten-year-old boy stark naked, and gave him a severe and brutal thrashing with a belt.

The poor lad was bruised and bleeding all over the back and hips, and his arms were swollen.

But the anger of this savage parent was not yet glutted. He got salt and rubbed it into the child's bleeding wounds, thus accentuating the pain.

The lad had to be taken to hospital, and he was still there when his father was brought before the Court. Sheriff Blair regretted that he could not give him the "cat" much in the same way as he had given it to his boy, and had to confine himself to passing a sentence of six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

Before we pass from this case and contrast it with another, we point

out what might be urged as an explanation, though certainly not an excuse, for this abominable cruelty to this child. The boy had stolen a shilling, and the father said that he corrected him for his own good.

Now we take the contrast. Two little girls aged eleven and twelve respectively, living in one of the congested districts in the East End, were sent by their parents to play in Victoria Park, one of the lungs of London.

There they were accosted by a person whose name is Ernest Mackemson, of Cornwall Road, Bethnal Green. He made friends with these poor little kiddies, and then took them into the Elsie Social Club, Victoria Park Square, E.

It may be added that Mackemson was a social worker, and secretary of the Tenants' Association as well as of the Social Club in question. His qualifications for social work and positions of trust may be gauged from the dreadful sequel.

He took these two children into a room and locked the door. Then he assaulted his terrified victims in the

most disgusting manner, and in each other's presence.

One of the broken-hearted mothers has shown us her little daughter's statement which is an appalling story of the callous debauching of innocent minds and helpless bodies.

This brute was brought up at Old Street and charged merely with "improper behaviour." He pleaded guilty, and his social work and Army service having been quoted, he was let off with the amazingly light sentence of four months' imprisonment!

Six months for the angry father who chastised his son—admittedly well deserved.

But four months for the wicked and disgusting wretch who lures little children away to debauch them in body and soul, and who can plead no mitigating circumstance except that his social record entitled him to be regarded as a trustworthy person.

All their lives these little children will suffer from this horrifying and polluting experience. Is there no way of getting magistrates to find some more intelligent and co-ordinated way of making the punishment fit the crime?

From Wealth to Poverty

Bilked out of life savings

Joseph M. Byrne Company, Shipping Agents, 181, Market Street, N.J.

This firm procured for him drafts from a concern called Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, a financial house in New York with considerable interests in Germany. Mr. Hepworth states that he did not know this financial house, but accepted the assurances of the Byrne company that it was all right. The Byrne Company presumably believed that it was all right, otherwise it would have purchased the drafts elsewhere.

It was not all right. There is the strongest of presumptions that it was insolvent when it issued those drafts, for when Mr. Hepworth arrived in Liverpool he found that the drafts representing his life savings were dishonoured, and the house which issued them had failed!

Mr. Hepworth at once demanded his money from the Joseph M. Byrne concern, which referred him to Knauth, Nachod & Kuhne, which referred him back again to the Byrne Company.

To-day Mr. Hepworth is in the Church Army Home living from hand to mouth, broken down in health, and gallantly maintained by his wife who scrubs out a beer-shop, and his daughter, who is reduced to working in a factory.

He has a perfectly good claim against someone in America. Will our Foreign Office, as soon as it has recovered from the strain of despatching twenty millions to the United States, spare time to recover for this broken British citizen the few hundreds of pounds which are his, and which he cannot get from America?

Philanthropists in Fancy Dress

THE ease with which a disreputable business can be carried on, without the names of the principals concerned in the dirty work becoming generally known to the public, by the simple expedient of registering a limited liability company, is a scandal to which we have frequently drawn attention.

This mode of camouflage is continually being adopted by shady "financial agents" who are nothing but greedy fee-snatchers in disguise.

Some months ago we called attention to the grasping propensities of a moneylending concern called the "General Finance and Trust Co.," of 123, Charterhouse Chambers, Charterhouse Square, E.C., pointing out that their notepaper contained

no indication of the names of the individuals carrying on business under this high-falutin' style, an omission which is an offence under the Business Names Act rendering them liable to a fine of £5.

The "General Finance and Trust Co." has now become "The General Finance and Motor Company, Limited."

As we have continued to receive complaints of the fees collected by way of "out-of-pocket expenses" in connection with promised loans which never materialised, we thought it worth while to look up the registration records of this mushroom company at Somerset House.

This company, which declares that it has at its disposal considerable

funds, and is prepared to make immediate cash advances of £5 to £500 on note of hand alone, without any objectionable enquiries or sureties, has a nominal capital of only £100 in £1 shares, fifty of which are held by H. E. Parker, moneylender, formerly of 323, High Street North, Manor Park, E., and fifty by Constance Ivy Hull, clerk, of 318, same street.

Parker appears since to have moved to 1, Fortress Road, Kentish Town, N.W.

The methods of the concern, which consist in extracting sums of 4s. 6d. from would-be borrowers, have undergone no change with the change of name, and we must again warn our readers against the trap and to steer clear of Parker.

The Snare in the Letter Box

MONEY-LENDING is not really a commercial transaction between man and man, but a speculation in human misery. The time has come to put a stop to many of Shylock's cunning wiles

by His Honour
**JUDGE
PARRY.**

IT is a quarter of a century ago since we passed a Money Lenders' Act giving judges power to relieve the improvident against harsh and unconscionable contracts. To-day, if it is proved that a money-lender has dealt unfairly, or been guilty of hard treatment towards his client, or charged an excessive rate of interest, the victim can appeal to the Court for relief, and judgment will only be given against him for what the Court holds to be a reasonable sum.

And yet, in spite of this beneficent legislation, there is no doubt that large numbers of people are led to their ruin by money-lenders. Usury is still a flourishing trade. And when cases do come into Courts we find that the old practices prevail, and that the debtors seem to make little use of the provision for their protection that the law provides.

It seems time that there should be another select committee to enquire into the working of the Money Lending Act, and see if it has fulfilled the promises of its authors, so that we may understand how it is that we still read of poor people borrowing small sums of money, paying monthly interest, and from time to time signing new promissory notes for small advances, and yet in the end, long after the original loans have been repaid, they are still in debt.

Women in the Vile Trade.

There are a very large number of small cases in which the poor are swindled, the details of which seldom emerge from the obscurity of the back streets. Women money-lenders drive a thriving trade by lending small sums over the week-end at a charge of a penny in the shilling for the accommodation. It is very rarely that they bring their victims into Court, but on occasion they do, and then they only recover the money actually lent.

But one hears constantly of money borrowed at this rate, and the system seems common in all great towns. It would be very difficult to stop practices of this kind by legislation.

From the point of view of the poor borrower, the Money Lending Act has not been an unqualified success. Take a common case where a man borrows £8, and gives a promissory note for £12 for which he and a friend, acting as surety, both sign. When some £9 or £10 have been paid, not perhaps quite regularly, there remains a balance of arrears and fines for which the money-lender sues the debtor and his surety.

Even assuming both were aware of their rights to have the contract considered and revived, they would find it difficult to enforce these without legal aid. Lawyers' fees, Court fees and loss of wages whilst attending Court would probably counter-balance any interest disallowed by the judge.

Selling the Furniture.

What happens in practice is that the money-lender persuades the debtor and the surety to consent to judgment to be paid at so much a month. The consent signed by the parties is brought to the Court and then they are both judgment debtors for that amount and the costs.

If these instalments are not regularly paid the money-lender can then issue execution on their furniture or issue a judgment summons asking that they be committed to prison for non-payment of the judgment to which they are

consenting parties. It is now the duty of the Court to see that the order is carried out.

Here again it is difficult to see how, if people will not come before a Court and ask for assistance to be relieved from the results of their folly, anything can be done to prevent the evils of such money-lending under the present law. Yet that such money-lending is a social evil is beyond doubt. Once a man gets into the hands of money-lenders he generally ends by ruining himself and breaking up his home, if, indeed, he does not try to free himself from the incubus of debt by gambling or even crime.

Here is a typical case of what happens. A young married man with a small income of about £200 a year, finding that he had run into debt—which is the first downward step—went to a money-lender who lent him £40 or £50 at exorbitant interest. At the end of a year he owed more interest than the original loan, and his position was becoming serious. He was persuaded to back horses, expecting to repay the money-lender with his turf winnings, but these adventures only led to further losses.

The money-lender was now threatening proceedings. The young man was in a position of trust where, by forging names, he had the opportunity of realising a sum of money which would put him straight. He fell to the temptation, intending (like many another) to save and repay the debt. He was overtaken before he had the opportunity of doing so, and was tried for and pleaded guilty to forgery.

This unfortunate man came before a judge who investigated the matter with great care and came to the conclusion that the man, though weak and foolish, was not a man of criminal instincts. He was satisfied that the money-lending transaction was the main cause of his downfall, and in passing a lenient sentence he called public attention to the ruin brought by money-lenders.

Shylock's Friends of 1850.

The practical question that faces us to-day is: Can anything be done to stem the flood of usury which seems from outward signs to be nearly as menacing as it was at the end of the last century?

Ever since the days of Edward the Confessor, usury—which may be roughly defined as money-lending at extortionate interest—had been illegal by statute. In the picturesque Middle Ages Jews were allowed to practise usury by royal grant, and, as we know, extortionate interest was kept within limits. We find a long succession of statutes defining the maximum interest permissible on a loan ranging from 10 per cent. in the time of Henry VIII. down to 5 per cent. in the days of Queen Anne; and so it remained into the nineteenth century.

But in the fifties there was a widespread feeling against any laws that hindered a man from doing what he liked with his own. It was considered a dictatorial interference with liberty to make laws as to hours of labour, or to hinder a man from

putting sand in the sugar, or purchasing dangerous drugs, and to these enthusiasts for liberty a statute to prevent one man lending his money to another at 100 per cent. interest was an interference that could not be tolerated.

So all the laws forbidding usury were repealed in 1854, and in less than fifty years a new race of Shylocks had arisen, who, with the aid of cheap printing, a penny post and an entire absence of moral principle, had proved themselves a curse to the community. The greed of the money-lenders had passed all bounds, and a Committee on Money Lending met to consider what could be done.

Now, to my mind, the best advice given to this committee was that tendered by Sir James Charles Mathew, who was not only a wise judge, but a man deeply interested in social reforms. He pointed out that what was going on—and what is still going on—is not really a commercial transaction between man and man, but a speculation in human misery.

If you run your eye down a column of money-lender's advertisements you will see that they are addressed to clerks, managers, professional men, and others in responsible or permanent positions, expectant heirs, civil servants, ladies and gentlemen in business, employees or otherwise. All these are people who have some position or official to whom it is of the last importance that he or she should not appear to be in difficulties or insolvent circumstances.

Your Money or Your Life.

These, as Mr. Justice Mathew said, are the prey of the money-lender. He knows that they are not only pledging their character and position, but that in the last resource they are pledging the benevolence and friendship of their family and friends. The loan is therefore made without difficulty, but the terms are onerous, and once default is made the debtor is in the hands of his creditor. It is a case of his money or his life.

The man will do anything to conceal his position, and the money-lender, under threats of legal proceedings and publicity, can exact almost any terms he may dictate. This is not perhaps blackmailing, but the law is found assisting an unscrupulous citizen to coerce a fellow citizen to his own and his family's ruin.

Now, it appeared to the judge that the suggestion to give a debtor power to go to the Court and get a rate of interest reduced would lead to litigation costs and uncertainty, and, though valuable, would not meet the evil he described. Experience has shown us that he was right. He therefore was of opinion that we had gone too far in repealing the statutes against usury and that the law should not assist extortion in any way.

His view was that no Court should give judgment in any money-lending case, whether defended or not, for more than the principal and 10 per cent. interest, and anything beyond that amount should be irrecoverable.

Helped by the Courts.

Mathew was a man who hated to find that the law that he was called upon to administer was weighted on the side of the unrighteous. And his experience told him that greedy scoundrels came to the Courts for assistance, "to drive away the ass of the fatherless and take the widow's ox for a pledge and turn the needy out of the way."

As things are at present it might be worth while to give his remedy a trial.



His Honour Judge
Parry.



PARADISE REGAINED

A Cooked Tour in Russia

by HARRISON OWEN

WEARING bast boots, a fur cap and incipient whiskers, A. A. Purcell was charged with misrepresentation, and pleaded "Not guilty."

"The accused," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "was a leading member of a peripatetic delegation sent by the Trade Union Congress to investigate conditions in Russia. The tourists, however, seem to have spent much of their time manufacturing flowery compliments for Soviet consumption. In one bouquet, presented by the accused to the Moscow 'Ivestia,' Soviet Russia figured as 'the first Bright Jewel in the World's Working Class Crown.' That a sturdy proletarian should make such free use of 'capital' letters and drag in a monarchist symbol like a crown and plutocratic gauds like jewels is surprising enough; but Comrade Purcell's flowers of speech may be excused more easily than his weeds of unwisdom."

"I find it difficult to believe that he was not misrepresenting British trade unionists when he declared that, for the working classes, there can be no foreigners. If this windy announcement accurately reflected trade union sentiment there could be no objection if Chinese were imported to work the Welsh mines or Hottentots given jobs on the railways. But the worst offence of these wandering word-spinners is their reported attempt to entangle British trade unionism in the whiskers of Bolshevism by pledging themselves to a 'united front' in dealing with certain questions. Our workers have no wish to interfere in Russian affairs, and they claim the right to manage their own business without assistance from Moscow, Nijniy Novgorod, or any other foreign city."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that Mr. Purcell had been most impressed with what he had seen in Russia, but apparently the prosecution considered that, having enjoyed hospitality, it was his duty to abuse his late hosts. He (counsel) was yet to learn that it was a criminal offence to describe another country as a paradise.

AN untravelled jury found the accused "Guilty."

"There are two things I cannot understand," said Mr. Justice Bull. "One is why persons who object so strenuously to secret diplomacy, and entangling foreign alliances should be so anxious to form an alliance with the Soviet, and the other is why the prisoner does not go to live in the earthly paradise of which he sings so sweetly?"

"Surely, he could get a job as secretary of the Samovar-Makers' Union or of the Praskoveyskoe branch of the Federated Society of Cross-Word Puzzle Operatives? As for his assertion that there are no foreigners: let him try to conduct an argument with a droosky driver over a paltry matter of a few million roubles—the driver speaking in Russian and Purcell listening in English—and he will quickly alter his opinion."

"In order to test the sincerity of his love for Russia, the prisoner is sentenced to spend the remainder of the winter in Siberia."



Scint and Sincere

THE BOY WHO WON'T GROW OLD

Fairy Godfather of all the Children
by HESKETH PEARSON

HE's a darling!" That is how Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who "created" several of his famous characters, described Sir James Barrie to me. And that is how most people who have never even seen him think of him.

Except Dickens' immortal "Carol," no work in our language can compare with "Peter Pan" in its Christmasy appeal to children—grown-up children as well as the others.

Its author can fairly claim to be the Fairy Godfather of the race—a sort of Universal Uncle.

THE first time I ever saw him was at a rehearsal of one of his plays. Having made the grave error of picturing him from his works, I spent an hour or two peering about for a tall gentleman with longish hair, courtly appearance, dandyish dress, and a monocle.

There wasn't a sign of him anywhere.

Then I became aware of a stoutish little man with a prominent nose, wearing an overcoat, bowler hat and woollen muffler, and smoking a large pipe.

He was walking, or rather waddling, up and down the gangways, and occasionally addressing the actors on the stage—not about their parts, but about his pipe, for which he was in constant need of matches.

Eventually, he borrowed a match from me, too, explaining as he did so that if I took my eye off him for an instant he'd probably collar the box!

UPON enquiry I discovered that this was the great J.M.B. Anything less like a Fairy Godfather could scarcely be conceived, though he fits the part of Universal Uncle all right.

Most playgoers imagine that his works are carefully thought out and

finally polished off in his study, undergoing no alteration on the stage. The truth is far otherwise. Sometimes he will completely rewrite a scene during rehearsals. On one occasion he practically re-wrote a play during its production weeks. And in almost every case his corrections on the original type-script are so numerous that stage managers have been at their wits' end to "prompt" with the right words.



Sir James Barrie.

He is open to suggestions from anyone, and would act on the advice of the call-boy if he thought it might improve the play!

By nature he is shy and retiring; he never allows himself to be interviewed if he can avoid it; and a public speech from him is nothing short of sheer heroism. Being a simple soul he takes no strong likes and dislikes. If he has a bugbear at all it is the very clever sophisticated type of person.

AT a dinner-party not so very long ago he sat next to a gentleman of this kind, who treated him to a stream of smart talk and encyclopaedic information.

Later in the evening Sir James was asked what he thought of his brilliant dinner-companion.

"Oh, very clever!" was the reply, "very clever, indeed! And if only he could quite forget himself, and unlearn everything he has ever learnt, he'd pass as a human being!"

CARTOONETTES and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



Tho' times are drear, from Christmas cheer
A little halm we'll borrow,
And for a while we'll sing and smile,
And grouse again to-morrow.



These profiteers, for years and years
Have cut a sordid figure, [rolled—
Their gains were told—like snowballs,
Are ever growing bigger.



This hefty mite will get no kiss
From any man of taste,
For none will "fall for her" at all,
Till she's reduced her "waist."



Times new revenue is nearly due,
And soon will rise the curtain;
P'raps it's as bad as some we've had,
But can't be worse, that's certain!

"CAT" CRIMES: The Truth!

THE present crime wave will end in shooting, declares the writer, who has studied crime from every angle. The police must wield their strongest weapon to curtail the activities of the "cats"

by **EDGAR WALLACE**
(The famous novelist and criminologist)

WE talk hastily of the "crime wave" which is sweeping over this country; no day passes but we read of a daring cat burglary or the "smashing" of a jeweller's shop window, and the first thought is that there is a sudden and alarming increase in crime. When the cold-blooded statistician gets to work we will probably discover that the situation is more or less normal, and that the illusion of increase is due, not to the number, but to the picturesque character of burglaries.

A burglary in Park Lane focuses the eyes of the world; a burglary in Bayswater may pass unnoticed. A man climbing rain-pipes to his nefarious work makes a more sensational story than the burglary carried out via the pantry window.

There can be no doubt at all that the hauls made by burglars in the past month or so have been greater than any made in normal periods, and less doubt that burglary has become much more fashionable than it was before the war.

Light Sentences to Blame

To blame the war for this would be absurd; the real cause is to be found in the inadequacy of the punishment. The light sentence is becoming an obsession with certain judges. Men are being sent down for nine and

twelve months for offences which a few years ago earned from five to seven years' penal servitude.

More than this, robbery with violence seldom produces a sentence of flogging, and the more severe punishments of the law are reserved for the swindling director, the defaulting solicitor, and men whose real punishment is their exposure.

To segregate these men for long terms is absurd. They will never repeat their offences, and no useful purpose is served by sending them away for long periods.

The Amazing "Yard"

We have in Britain a unique police force; with all its faults the C.I.D. is amazingly efficient—amazingly, because the authorities willfully limit the material from which detectives are made by imposing, not an intellectual, but a physical test of fitness.

But the C.I.D., for all its cleverness, cannot deal adequately with crime without the support of the Bench and Parliament, and frankly they are not receiving that support.

Punishment has, or should have, many objects, but the wise judge is he who seeks to make the punishment fit the crime. Particularly must the severity of the law be directed against the increasing number of "fences"

in London. There are in the Metropolitan area at least three highly respectable jeweller's shops, prosperous-looking, their windows ablaze with lights, which owe their origin to the prosperity of the little working jeweller who has successfully "fenced" gold and precious stones.

Those small one-man jewellers still exist. A thief drops in, asks to see some rings, places his bag casually on the counter, the jeweller disappears into his back parlour with the bag, and returns with a price. If the thief accepts, the empty bag is handed back to him, and almost before he is clear of the streets the precious stones are out of their settings and placed in cotton-wool, and the gold is melted in a crucible.

It is almost impossible to detect these men because they work only with the "crowds" they know. And since they have permits to possess a certain amount of gold, and since their legally acquired gold is never in the shop, it is difficult for the police to catch them.

Cats and Ladders

The "cat" burglar, of course, although a very popular figure with the sensation-loving public, is, more often than not, the old ladder-larcenist who has been known for years. He is called a ladder larcenist

because he generally operates by means of a ladder, and whilst the family are downstairs at dinner he is in the best bedroom clearing loose jewellery.

The present "wave," if it may so be called, will end in shooting, though only the foreigner or the amateur burglar ever carries firearms. It is a physical impossibility to increase the number of police patrols—the force is already overworked and below strength. The police must perforce wield their strongest weapon to put a period to the activities of the "cats."

That weapon is what is colloquially known as the "nose," or the police informer—the terror of all criminals and a very real source of strength to Scotland Yard, where there is—or was a few years ago—a special door, known as "the informers' door," through which the "nose" slipped by night to tell his stories to headquarters. An increase in the scale of rewards is certain to produce good results, for there is no honour among thieves.



Mr. Edgar Wallace.

Big Firms Without Souls

EMPLOYEES thrown on the scrap heap after years of service

by **PHILIP INMAN**

FORTY-FIVE years ago a young fellow of twenty joined the staff of a West End emporium that enjoys a world-wide reputation. Commencing at the bottom of the ladder, he rose by dint of hard work to be the manager of an important department, having between 300 and 400 employees under his control.

Then one day he was called into the secretary's office. Like a bolt from the blue, without any explanation and with scarcely a word of regret he was dismissed on the spot. A half-hearted promise was made that the board would probably make him a retiring allowance in view of his long service.

Distracted, he went from the building a broken man. It happened to be his wife's birthday. He went home to tell the fateful tidings. A week passed. Then a letter arrived, saying that he would be given a pound a week for two years and at the end of that time the position would be reviewed.

The Grant that Stopped

The grant was paid regularly for the two years; then it stopped. He wrote, reminding them of their promise to reconsider the matter, but received no reply. He waited a month and wrote again—with the same result. He registered the next letter and received a curt note

saying that nothing more could be done for him.

Not giving up hope, he sought a personal interview with the Chairman of the company, and, after laying



Mr. Philip Inman.

his position before him, received the astounding reply that he should consider himself lucky to have been treated so handsomely.

When the man begged that the small pension should be continued, the chairman retorted: "You had better go and ask the assistants. It will have to come out of their pockets."

That is how a firm of renown treats its old employees. Steps are being taken to inform the shareholders at the next annual meeting.

Quite recently the ambulance removed to a London hospital a young girl, twenty-one years of age. She lived by herself in a little garret on the top floor of a house in Rupert Street, and she had been found dangerously ill. For two days she had lain there alone, with no one to look after her.

This girl was employed in the

kitchen of a West End restaurant, which paid her 21s. a week, out of which 8s. were deducted for her food during working hours. Half-a-guinea a week was paid for her room, so she had to clothe herself, provide one meal a day and pay for other necessities on 5s. 6d. a week.

IN London there is a long-established firm of wholesalers. For exactly fifty-three years this firm had in its employ a man who served in various capacities, from outside representative to departmental manager.

This man's wife is a confirmed invalid. The heavy expenses of her illness, together with the notoriously low wages he had received, made it impossible to save adequately for a rainy day.

When it arrived, he was sent for by the managing director and told that his place was to be filled by a younger man. As a parting gift and as a "token of appreciation," he was offered a cheque for £50.

The man had lost his job but not his grit. Tearing the cheque into shreds he said, "If that is all you can do for me I would rather not take it." The dismissed employee hastened to his firm's best customer and told the proprietor what had happened. Thank God,

the milk of human kindness has not altogether run dry. He found in him a kindly and sympathetic British gentleman, who wrote to the firm asking that something more should be done for the old man, and containing a veiled threat that otherwise no further business would ensue.

It had its effect. A new offer was made to pay £100 a year for five years, but the conditions attaching to the allowance were nauseating in the extreme: Should the man die before the expiration of the five years the allowance was to cease on the day of his death; should he engage directly or indirectly upon any similar work to that with which he had been associated, the grant would immediately lapse.

Love Turned to Hate

It had been his occupation for over half a century, and it was rather late in the day to learn a new trade.

For five years he is safe. What will happen if he lives longer, or if his invalid wife outlives him, rests with a kindly Providence. So the old man sits in the twilight of his life, harbouring bitter thoughts against those for whom he might have entertained a kindly feeling.

The firm is still paying its dividends. What makes it so heartless to old servants?

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages of Celebrities,
Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Allow me to voice the sentiments of the public by complimenting you on the sagacity of your remarks on the question of the hospital system. You have taken steps to reveal your own preference for the existing voluntary system and to express your appreciation of the sacrifices that the people are prepared to make in order to maintain our fine hospitals. Such an expression should do much to strengthen the faith of those who are opposed to the suggestion of State hospitals, as will also the fact that your Royal Father is also gratified at the results of the present system. The network of hospitals maintained by voluntary contributions is a credit to the nation.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—The municipality of Dresden, I see, has decided that everyone, regardless of wealth and position, is entitled to free burial. Between now and next April you might keep this bit of information in mind. If you find that you cannot make it any cheaper for us to live—though I trust that happy eventuality will mature—you might at least find it possible to make it cheaper for us to die.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS,
Secretary for War.

SIR,—Lt.-Col. T. H. Stevens, D.S.O., M.C., County Recruiting Officer for Staffordshire, has been cashiered for fraudulently converting Army money to his own use. His pay was under five pounds a week, and he had a wife and seven children to support. His temptations were obvious. Do you approve of paying such a wage to a man in his position. Don't you think the system of checking accounts might be improved to lessen the cruel temptations which may wreck a career?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir WM. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

DEAR SIR,—When a miner's strike was threatened in the Forest of Dean, mounted police were drafted to the spot three days before the strike was due to take place. On the day the police arrived the strike was postponed, and those who were responsible for bringing the police doubtless felt as silly as they looked. But what interests me is who is going to foot the bill? Those who asked for the police or the patient taxpayer? Perhaps you know the answer?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty.

SIR,—The red-tape-bound traditions of the Navy administration is getting too farcical to be funny. Your Department has kindly consented to the bespectacled members of the Navy wearing their eyeglasses while on shore. But only a certain kind of spectacles may be worn—horn-rimmed brand being forbidden. As the Admiralty is so keen on interfering in a man's private affairs, why do you not forbid hand-embroidered under-vests?

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. H. P. MACMILLEN, M.C.,
Chairman, Royal Commission on Lunacy.

SIR,—I cannot see what right you have to use your impartial position as Chairman to air views that are out of tune with the times. A minister of religion having stated that he was not in favour of the stigma of pauperism being removed from Poor Law relief, you immediately state that it is not desirable in the public interests for that sense of stigma to pass away. Is it then a foul disgrace for a destitute man to accept parish relief instead of creeping under a hedge to die of hunger? After all, many of the present-day recipients have contributed to such relief by dear rate-paying in their more rosy days.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P.,
10, Downing Street.

MY DEAR PREMIER,—I shall reserve my comments on your fiscal proposals until I know exactly what they are. It is not too early, however, to ask you to draft your measures so that the benefit of your proposed subsidies really goes to the consumer—and to nobody else. They will mean cheaper food if, and only if, stringent checks are imposed on the middlemen who are already, I have no doubt, scheming ways and means of diverting that £1,000,000 into their own pockets. I can assure you that if they do not result in cheaper food the people will not be slow in asking you to explain just where the money has gone.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.,
Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR SIR,—To cancel the invitations to Mr. Bertrand Russell and Mr. Lowes Dickenson to serve on the Committee under the China Indemnity Bill is an action I find it difficult to understand. Both gentlemen have a knowledge of China and its particular atmosphere that is anything but small. To replace them by a business man and a missionary is a dubious gesture. The Chinese have always seen an unholy wedding between Western business and the missionary—and they are not likely to be exactly mollified by your inexplicable move.

JOHN BULL.

To DAVIES HARRIS,
Chelmsford.

SIR,—Your case has illustrated the majesty and also the glorious uncertainty of the law. You were charged with possessing house-breaking implements by night and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The Court of Appeal has found that if a man is apprehended before 9 p.m. he cannot be charged with possessing house-breaking implements by night. And so you go free. The advocates of daylight saving will have to think this over seriously. You, no doubt, are thinking it over cheerfully. Time is of great importance, and saving five years is a dramatic illustration of the fact.

JOHN BULL.

To LORD CURZON,
House of Lords.

MY LORD,—To find Saul among the prophets is always an amazing experience, and I do not know whether to be amazed or amused to find you pooh-poohing the Bolshevik bogey that scaresome of your fellow peers! Be that, as it may, I certainly congratulate you on adopting, for the first time, a logical and common-sense view of the Russian problem. Had you kept your head as cool in bygone days, the problem might have now been solved.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

EARL OF GLASGOW:—The British Fascisti stand for the workers of this country.
The trouble of the B.F.s is that the workers of this country won't stand for them.

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—We want something more than a programme.
You do; you want a lot of sincerity and a good deal more economic knowledge.

GEO. LANSBURY:—I am not as orderly a listener as I might be.
Why trouble to drag in "a listener"?

J. H. THOMAS:—It is strange how little our opponents learn from contemporary history.
But no stranger than your own failure to learn from the same source.

AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN:—The present Egyptian Government is on friendly relations with this country.
Of what value is that, when it does not represent the Egyptian people?



SOME RIDER!

RINGMASTER BULL: "Now then, Stanley, you can't do that trick with those horses."

Without Fear or Favour

THE GREAT GOLDEN GOD

Income-tax Terrors

IF more people met their income-tax demands honestly there would be much less for us all to pay. It is because so many attempts at evasion are successful that the impost comes near breaking our backs.

In theory, the income-tax is a just and democratic levy, carefully graduated according to the taxpayer's capacity to pay; in practice it often works most unfairly, and its administration is at sixes and sevens. It is the man with a small taxable income who is hardest hit.

What could be more absurd, for instance, than to reduce the abatement on each child after the first? A second child costs no less to keep than the first-born. The abatement for children should be at a flat rate for each child in the family, and its amount might with justice be increased. In these days the father of a family struggling to bring up his children in respectability and give them a decent start in life deserves definite encouragement at the hands of the State.

There ought, moreover, to be some consideration for the taxpayer who strikes a bad patch. Under present conditions a man who meets with unexpected reverses is frequently compelled to pay income-tax on the basis of a full year's earnings, although his income may have temporarily disappeared. This is manifestly wrong. Yet, while these hardships continue, many big firms practise evasion on a gigantic scale.

A little more vigilance at this end of the scale, and a little extra consideration for the smaller taxpayer, would rob the income-tax of some of its terrors and add to its powers for good.

Love's Lure

IT was Professor Henry Drummond who called Love "the greatest thing in the world." The statement is true; all history proves it. The noblest deeds in humanity's long roll of achievement have been the work of love-inspired men and women.

In these days of international doubts and suspicions it is as well to remind ourselves that Love, not Hate, is the master-builder. War on the whole produces only wastage and loss. No permanent record of its achievement is to be found beneath the sun. But the fruits of Love are eternal. Not enmity and hatred, but tolerance and charity, are the foundations upon which the enduring monuments of man's greatness are reared.

So as the year dies, let men and women reconsecrate themselves to the service of Love. Then 1925 will be a New Year worth the name, a year not simply of Faith and Hope, but of miracle-working Love.

Are we 50 per cent. hypocrites?

IS our Christianity a hypocrisy? Since last Christmas sixteen people have died of starvation, and thousands of others are ill through want and hunger—because of the food profiteers.

IT would be interesting, though perhaps not flattering, to learn what the so-called heathen tribes think of our Christian civilisation. If character is to be judged by conduct and not by mere verbal professions, our modern society has an ugly streak of paganism. As each December comes round we celebrate the birthday of Christ, but taking one year with another it would seem that His principles are denied and defied at every turn.

As far as modern social and industrial conditions are concerned it is as though the first Christmas had never been. Little do our standards of life and conditions of labour reflect the spirit of Him whose birth we commemorate. The Cross for which, in the Middle Ages, men were ready to fight to the death, finds but a handful of faithful souls prepared to do battle for its principles in the stress of modern life.

On every hand coarse greed is rampant. Man's extremity becomes the profiteer's opportunity, and cunning joins hands with avarice to rob the poor. Imagine what the attitude of the Son of Man would be towards men who place money-making above the moral law, worshipping no God but gold, sinning against every principle of social righteousness in the feverish search for gain. Once, we remember, He used a knotted whip of small cords.



"Woodbine Willie," who, in our last issue, condemned hypocrisy.

THE profiteer dare not face the challenge of Christianity. That sublime creed has nothing in common with the robbers who intervene between Nature's generous harvest and the housewife's loaf of bread. The gamblers on the Stock Exchange, the food and drink profiteers with their thieving combines, the profiteers in every industry, are pursuing a theory of commerce which cuts dead across the principles of Christianity. To pretend otherwise is to be guilty of hypocritical pretence.

Just think for a moment. Since last the Manger Birth was celebrated in Britain sixteen of our fellow-creatures have died from starvation. Thousands of others have been ill from want and hunger. And while these people were suffering and dying for want of bread the Food Combines were piling up the swollen profits which enabled them to declare a dividend for the year of 45 per cent.

It is this contrast between vast wealth on the one hand and abject poverty on the other that turns cradles into coffins, and compels the little ones whom He loved to walk the martyr's road.

BUT the profiteer and the sweater pass on their way unheeding. Bad and insufficient milk slays innocent children by the thousand, while the United Dairies, Ltd., announce a profit of £1,500,000 and a dividend of 50 per cent. The housing shortage adds to the tortures of privation. Decency becomes a miracle. Animals are better housed than are some human denizens of this Christian world.

If only our pious aspirations could be translated into a code of social conduct, stamped with the imprint of the Master, there would be less mockery in the music of the Christmas and New Year bells.

Unspeakable

A DEPLORABLE feature of judicial statistics is the increased prevalence of the abominable crime of incest, on occasions recently denounced by their fathers of the able act of degradation.

It is agreed that this crime is ten times as common as it was years ago; and it is a grim fact that this increase coincides with the housing shortage. In cases where judges have pointed to this exciting cause of sexual crime, the fact is that we are asking Nature, expecting men and women to hold their animal instincts in check while herding them together in such conditions that the precautions of decency must be abandoned.

That thousands of people, faced with these difficulties and go on living does not hide the fact that in the face of social conditions where moral weakness is a definite provocation of the crime of immorality.

The housing delay is the latest excuse is lack of money to be due to a shortage of money. There are still more than a million unemployed. It would be an economic crime to train idle and unskilled labour of brick-making building than to go on for ever out doles to discontented.

We are paying for our regard to housing, not for unspeakable misery, but, at the end, in unnamable vice.

Drab Street

EVERY week in the Courts are told stories of last year's heartless seizure of furniture on temporary inability to make payment payments as the some furniture firms are harsh and greedy, that would cease to be the case if they too often are to be.

In these lean years buying furniture has been a middle-class circles, and the poor. Many firms purchase business houses, ing genuine consideration hardship. Others are of the worst description.

We have our eye on the law should be the purchase dealers on standard form of between seller and Courts should have money-lenders, to a contract which is festly unjust.



Chief Constable Wensley,
of Scotland Yard.

The Beastly Person

If civilisation is to remain sane and strong it must learn to look upon its "interesting criminals" as beasts of prey, says our contributor, and see to it that the true character of crime is taught to the rising generation

by
"A GENTLEMAN
WITH A DUSTER"

MANY things which interest us in a book or a newspaper, and not only interest us but thrill our senses and hold our attention spellbound, are utterly intolerable when we encounter them in our own person. A medical man of high authority has just written a letter on one aspect of this subject which deserves the widest publicity.

There is something which excites us in reading of a burglary. So long as it is not our own house which is entered, we rather enjoy reading an account of a daring burglar. Many people, thinks this medical authority, are even inclined to admire the courage and the cleverness of the burglar. Probably thousands of children are fascinated by the achievements of daring burglars.

BUT what is the truth in this matter? Our medical authority has been inspecting some of the houses which have received the attention of the modern burglar. He tells us that the evidence left behind them by these marauders is not evidence of courage and cleverness, but the evidence of everything vile and forbidding in human nature. Modern burglars enter a house not only to steal, but to gratify an insane lust for bestiality. They take what valuables they can find, and then give themselves up to "frightfulness."

Beautiful things are smashed, lovely things are destroyed, and scarcely any part of the room escapes defilement.

The modern burglar, he tells us, is not a brave and romantic adventurer, but a most depraved and perverted lunatic, in whom none of the distinguishing marks of civilised human nature can be found. He should never be allowed to leave a prison, except to be locked up in a madhouse. Any romantic imaginings in this matter are not only grotesque but dangerous.

If civilisation is to remain sane and strong it must learn to look upon its "interesting criminals" as beasts of prey cherishing a fitness of mind, and see to it that the true character of crime is taught to the rising generation.

SOME years ago I had a conversation with an convict about one incident in his long catalogue of crimes. In this particular instance he had robbed a helpless man who had entrusted himself to his care and kindness. The robbery was complete. The fear of detection had vanished. There was nothing for the criminal to do but walk off with his booty scot-free. But what happened? Angered by the ease with which his shameful crime had been committed, he returned to the poor wretch, risking capture by so doing, and did him the most brutal and cruel physical injury, leaving him all but dead.

The medical authority, to whose letter I have referred, is right and wise in counselling us to adopt an entirely new attitude towards crime. Perhaps this century will be celebrated in days

to come as the age in which humanity abandoned its immemorial passions and prejudices concerning both its ills and its aspirations, and sternly set itself to confront the whole problem of human existence in the spirit of science. If this is to be our contribution to progress, we cannot do better than begin our awakening by cultivating a scientific attitude towards crime.

Every criminal is a danger to society, and therefore has no right whatever to any degree of liberty. He is not only a danger to the owner of property, but a much greater danger to the impressionable people in his neighbourhood, and, as a married man, a danger to posterity.

Our present method of sending criminals to prison for periods of time varying according to an utterly absurd and sentimental idea of their particular crimes is a survival from pre-scientific ages. Every man and every woman who once gives evidence of criminal instincts should be placed under the care of medical men, and should never again be allowed to use the precious right of liberty, unless medical science is entirely satisfied of a cure.

I do not know that anything more disgraceful to our sanity ever appears in the newspapers than sentences of a few days' imprisonment on men who have committed the most devilish of all crimes, that crime for which the merciful Jesus prescribed a millstone and the depths of the sea. How mad must we be, and how careless of our precarious place in evolution, when we condone such insanity, or take no notice of it.

BUT this is a matter which carries us far afield and covers enormous ground. Rightly regarded every criminal is an insane person, and every person who does not accept the moral order of society is a criminal. Instead,

It is monstrous that a man should be in jail for months without a trial

MR. JUSTICE SWIFT, addressing the Grand Jury at Lewes Assizes, recently made some very emphatic remarks on the cruel iniquity of keeping accused persons in jail before they have been convicted, and declared that "unless there is good ground for believing that a person will not attend trial," bail should be allowed, "however serious the charge might be."

Mr. Justice Swift was moved to this pronouncement by the fact that "since he had travelled that circuit, he had been struck by the great length of time people had been detained in custody without trial."

Eighteen persons had been kept in jail without trial for periods of a fortnight to three months! In one case, a woman charged with bigamy had been in prison for five months; and the judge showed what he thought of her guilt by giving her a formal sentence of two days! In another case a man who had been exposed to the awful torture of five months' confinement in a prison cell was found innocent!

Think what that meant to an innocent man. The coming of the constables, the shock to wife and children, the sensation amongst the staring neighbours, the walk through the streets in charge

therefore, of looking with compassion on our "fallen stars," and employing pure women to intercede with them, and providing homes of refuge for their reclamation, we should regard them as dangerous lunatics, arrest them, lock them up, and set them to earn their own living by hard and healthy work under the observation of medical science. The same treatment of course would apply to drunkards and all other rebels of the moral order. We cannot afford to have their poison in the body politic.

IF my readers should think this is hard treatment, and be inclined to nurse a sentimental idea of crime, desiring the poor sinner to be saved rather than segregated, let me invite them to consider these two questions: Do they entertain a sentimental idea towards disease?—and, do they believe that any farmer could keep head above water who conducted his stock-breeding on the lines which civilisation now follows in respect of the human species?

Let us face the truth of our situation with courage and resolution. Crime is evidence of a diseased mind, and the mind is the first and supreme concernment of civilisation. The more unnatural the conditions of human existence, the more rigorously must we mark and observe this delicate organ to see that it preserves the essential sanities of the soul.

Every wrong thought is as dangerous to human progress as the germ of spotted fever is dangerous to health. Every wrong action has uncountable consequences, affecting posterity to the third and fourth generation. We cannot longer afford to play the fool with the conditions of human life, the laws of Nature, and the purpose of evolution. Against sin in all its forms we should learn to harden our hearts.

BAIL OR

of the police, the enforced abandonment of work or business.

Mr. Justice Swift's indignant protest against the method of administering justice which allows and encourages such outrages on the liberty of English men and women, must have evoked a sympathetic echo in the mind of every sane person who read it.

But it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Justice Swift has had the misfortune to incur the disapproval of the gentlemen attainted by his rebuke.

Those of their number who sit on the Kingston County Bench found a chance to retort when a solicitor appealed to them to grant bail to a man charged with housebreaking.

A bank manager who believed in the man's innocence had instructed the solicitor to prove an alibi, and it was respectfully submitted to the Bench that, while this was being prepared, "it would be rough luck for a man who might be proved innocent to be obliged to spend Christmas in jail." In support of his request for bail, the solicitor quoted the incisive words of Mr. Justice Swift.



Mr. Justice

An Amazing Experiment

THERE may be in us undiscovered powers, hidden because of our reliance upon the eye, ear, touch, smell and taste, says A. G. G. There may be a sixth sense—a sense as great as wireless—that will change our whole future

by
**A. G.
GARDINER**



Earl Balfour of
Whittingham.

I THINK most of us will share Lord Balfour's perplexity about the case of Professor Gilbert Murray. Even the Professor himself shares it. He frankly confesses that he has not the dimmest notion of what it means. Lord Balfour says there is no theory of sound or electricity that offers any explanation of the mystery. The facts are beyond question. They are the most startling facts of the kind that have ever been put on record. They point to the existence of some power in us that may transform life when we have discovered the key of the mystery, but so far no one has found the key. I certainly have no ghost of a suspicion as to what the key is, and I only discuss it as a matter of deep human interest.

The case is probably familiar to everybody. Professor Murray is one of the most illustrious of living Englishmen, scholar, poet, publicist, Professor of Greek at Oxford, translator of the Greek dramatists, a man of the highest reputation and most unsullied character. This is important because in all these mysteries the charlatan and the humbug find a happy hunting-ground. So far from exploiting his power, Professor Murray has kept it from the public knowledge for many years, and only the experiments recently made at Mr. Gerald Balfour's house in the presence of Lord Balfour, his sister and two or three other persons, have led to its public disclosure.

TWO illustrations will serve to show the nature of the experiments. The company was assembled in the drawing-room and Professor Murray was in the dining-room which was separated from the drawing-room by a large room thirty-six feet wide. All the doors were closed. Lord Balfour and the others agreed

to think of a subject. They chose the incident of Queen Victoria learning that she was coming to the throne. The Professor was then asked to come into the room. On entering he said, "It is something in a book. No; it is a picture. It is the news coming to Queen Victoria that she is queen."

In the second case the subject chosen was Thomas à Becket being murdered in Canterbury Cathedral. When Professor Murray entered he said, "This is something horrible, someone being murdered in church." Then, after a pause, he went on, "I first thought it was something in the Bolshevik Revolution, but I think it is the murder of Thomas à Becket."

THESE examples are typical. It is not suggested that Professor Murray is always successful. He has in the course of eight years made 236 formal experiments, of which eighty-five succeeded, fifty-five partially succeeded and ninety-six failed. The record constitutes the most remarkable proof of thought transference in history. Lord Balfour regards them as showing beyond all controversy that there is "a wholly unknown, unexplained, un conjectured method of traversing space between two self-conscious organisms."

The mystery is not new. What is new is the weighty and unchallengeable authority with which the problem is stated. Professor Murray would be the last man to pretend that he has discovered a new power. I fancy he is rather uncomfortable than otherwise to find that he possesses it, and he is as much in the dark as anyone as to the secret. All he knows are the conditions in which the power operates. It is probable that most of us possess it in some degree, and there can be little doubt that in time the

secret will be revealed just as the secret of wireless has been wrung from the sky.

That the power exists, especially among primitive peoples, is a fact of universal acceptance. It takes many forms. There is nothing, for example, which puzzles those who have lived among African natives so much as the mysterious rapidity with which news of great events travels vast distances without any visible or mechanical means of transmission. This phenomenon is so common as to be commonplace. Allied with it is the strange instinct of direction which enables the natives to go unfalteringly through pathless jungles to definite goals as certainly as a pigeon released in the Channel Islands will fly without pause to its dovecote in Lancashire.

Something of the same strange gift has long been associated with the Scotch. There is no doubt much legend mixed with the records of "second sight," but there is, I think, no serious question that the power exists and that thought travels from mind to mind without any physical agency. The cases of the appearance of the phantom of some dying person to another far away are innumerable, and many of them rest on authority that cannot be lightly dismissed.

THERE have even been well attested cases in which apparitions have been produced experimentally—that of Westermann, for example. He wished to make the phantasm of a lady appear to a lieutenant who was residing some miles away. At the time of the experiment he was, owing to an unforeseen visit, not alone, and the visitor is said to have seen the apparition also.

Some scientists have sought to find a physical explanation for these unsolved mysteries of the human mind. Sir William Crookes thought that the messages are transmitted by waves like the X-rays, but of smaller magnitude and greater frequency. Others have put forward the idea that the nervous centres send out undulations that are tapped by other nervous centres. But these physical explanations are not generally accepted. Professor Murray himself seems to think that it is a question of abnormal sensitiveness to impressions, and that our power of perception is not limited to the five senses.

THAT seems to me the most reasonable interpretation of the mystery. There may be in us undiscovered powers just as there are undiscovered powers in Nature as wonderful as X-rays or Hertzian waves of which we have only just learned the existence. There may be in us a sixth sense, overlain by our complete reliance upon the eye, the ear, the touch, the smell and the taste.

It may be the most precious of our gifts, buried under the cruder elements of which we are compact. To bring that gift to the light seems the greatest adventure left to man. If we can discover its meaning and its uses the whole mystery of life itself may be illuminated.

OR JAIL ?

by **ALEX. M. THOMPSON**
(“Dangle”)

This gave the chairman his opportunity of putting the High Court Judge in his place. "You must not take it," he defiantly proclaimed, "that we admit the truth of Mr. Justice Swift's remarks, because we don't. I have discussed the question with the chairmen of all the Benches in Surrey, and we came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that we had nothing with which to reproach ourselves on the question of bail."

The obvious answer to this impertinent outburst is that what the speaker described as a "question," is no "question" at all, but a decisive judgment.

Mr. Justice Swift spoke as a professional to amateurs, and when His Majesty's Judge of the High Courts speaks to these gentry, his is the voice of the master talking to apprentices. He is not arguing. He is telling them.

If human wisdom is capable of finding a remedy for the disgraceful cruelties denounced by Mr. Justice Swift, the spirit of the time demands that they should be prevented. We know it is difficult. Mistakes will occur.

The cleverest of detectives make mistakes

like the rest of us. That is why we, knowing the impossibility of certainty in the preliminary enquiries, must insist on the rigid maintenance of our legal system's fundamental principle that the accused, till his guilt be proved, must be regarded as innocent.

On that basis, bail proportionate to the means and station of the accused ought never to be refused, "unless," as Mr. Justice Swift said, "there is good ground for believing that a person will not attend trial."

Our unpaid justices are apt to linger in the traditions of the past.

They are still appointed to enquire into "felonies, poisonings, enchantments, sorceries, arts, magic"; and some of them remain better suited to their old business of burning witches than of using common-sense.

And unless they can be persuaded to adapt their "wise saws" to "modern instances," the dispensation of law in country districts must be transferred from "the justice and his clerk" to stipendiary magistrates or paid justices, as it has been found needful to do in towns.

Only in that way will suspected people get justice done to them.

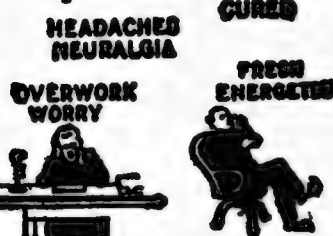


Mr. Justice Swift.

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A Lightning Pick-me-up.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE TABLETS will relieve:
Headaches, Neuritis, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulency, in 5 to 10 minutes.
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The greatest medical discovery of the century! Pure Yeast and Vitamins—No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of the Yeast when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. Take a tablet or two and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE Obtain a 1/3 box from your Chemist. If your health does not improve perceptibly, post us the empty box and we will refund your money immediately.

£100 Cash will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received over 20,000 letters from satisfied users in 9 months, which are open to inspection.

17013.—Dr. N. writes: "I am prescribing the tablets regularly. Please send a box to my brother (invoice to me), as I want him to take the treatment."
18224.—Dr. P.: "I find the tablets an excellent tonic and would thank you for a further supply to distribute among my patients."
18387.—Leading London Hospital (Secretary): "After a careful test we find Yeast-Vite as claimed and very satisfactory. We are now quite willing to purchase supplies."
1123.—"I am a hospital trained nurse, very anæmic. The tablets have done me a lot of good and improved me so."
19065.—Diocesan for Befriending Girls: "I am using them for my girls with great success. One very delicate girl gained 4 lbs. in one week. I find them an excellent tonic."
22097.—"I am suffering with Diabetes, and have been doctoring without relief until I tried Yeast-Vite. I have had only one box and already feel a new woman."
21234.—"I was miserable, irritable, and nervous, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am better in every way. Please publish this, and let the public know how much good they have done me."
18997.—"I suffered with stomach trouble for years, but thanks to Yeast-Vite I am entirely cured. I have recommended them to many friends, and they all speak highly of them."
21497.—"Suffering with nerves and general run-down conditions, I tried lots of medicines, without relief. I tried Yeast-Vite, and can assure you that I feel 100 per cent. better."
16655.—"They are the most wonderful cure in the world. For years I have suffered with bilious headaches, but have not had one since."
17709.—"I used to feel so tired and old after doing housework I had to lie down. Since taking the tablets I take a brisk walk instead. Please send a box to Dr. —, Guy's Hospital. He is much impressed with my improvement and wishes to try them."
16622.—"I awoke feeling sick, weary and nervy. Took 2 tablets and soon felt absolutely different—a most wonderful change."
19462.—"I feel it my duty to let you know how excellent they are in removing my nervousness and depression."
16321.—"I thank you for your wonderful remedy and my nurse also takes them. They are a real pick-me-up and help us to carry on."
12361.—Rev. J. P.: "I was led by a fellow-sufferer to try them, and have received considerable benefit."
14721.—"I have recommended them to several patients, and would thank you to send a box to each name on the list enclosed."
10612.—"Am pleased to let you know that several of my patients have secured benefit from them."
11032.—"Send by return post, as I cannot be without them. I suffer so with indigestion, and they relieve me immediately."
19422.—"They are a splendid tonic, and they did me a great amount of good. I have been suffering from nerves since I left the Army four years ago."
14421.—A District Nurse writes: "I find the tablets all you claim and am recommending them heartily in this district."
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Black Holes of Britain

by PREBENDARY CARLILE

HOUSING horrors in the slums of every one of our great cities, and in the back streets of the smaller towns, still remain the biggest blot on the nation; 1925 opens like its predecessor, with the certainty that thousands of women and innocent children will be herded



Prebendary Carlile.

together in conditions of misery which cannot be described.

Disease will waste the bodies and vice will corrupt the souls of all but the strongest among them. Fight as

they will to preserve the decency

and self-respect which they may have known in brighter days, they cannot escape the contamination of their vile environment.

Hundreds of cases certified by Church Army workers, in the West End of London alone, prove this; the East End can tell an even more dreadful story, as can the dark spots of the Midlands and the North.

In one West London street, not far from the areas of wealth and comfort, a father, mother and seven children are crammed into one underground back kitchen. Here they eat and sleep in an atmosphere that is germ-laden. One of the lads, aged seventeen, suffers from lupus, a highly contagious disease. The mother, for all her efforts, cannot keep either her home or her children clean, nor can she prevent the moral pollution which inevitably accompanies such conditions.

No Home to go to.

The happier their lot in the past, the more tragic is the fate of the victims of our housing horror. I know of no more heartbreaking case than that of a certain decent working man who fought in defence of his home during the war but came back to find that he had no chance of again getting a home.

On demobilisation he stored his furniture. It is still stored. With his wife and three children he lives in room little more than a cupboard.

And consider the almost impossible situation, judged by ordinary standards of accommodation, of a family of ten, where there are two girls aged eighteen and twenty, and two boys aged fourteen and twenty-one. With only two tiny rooms, the separation of sexes, so essential to the proper upbringing of young people, becomes a terrible problem.

In Lark the inspector discovered a man and his wife, with two boys aged eleven and three, and a girl of two sleeping in one bed, and living in one room with four young men and a fourteen-year old girl. The moral degradation inevitable in such a household is appalling to think of. To sentence each of the unfortunate people to penal servitude for life might be to better their lot.

WHY DIE YOUNG?

If we lived the right way and ate the right things we could exist for one hundred and twenty-five years

by BERTRAND P. ALLINSON

JUST because the Psalmist talked of the "allotted span" as being "three score years and ten," there has grown up an idea that if a man lives to be seventy years old he has reached a "ripe old age."

The right figure for old age should be one hundred and twenty-five years.

There are living at this moment a greater number of centenarians than ever in the history of this land, but even then the number is outrageously small. Scientists have proved that mammals should live five times as long as they take to mature; as man matures at twenty-five, the scientific conception of old age is one hundred and twenty-five. In these "civilised" days, no one dies a natural death—a death from true old age.

On the other hand, it is worth asking: How many of us desire to live to be old? Most would prefer to die unnaturally young at the age of seventy rather than live to the ripe old age of one hundred and twenty-five if all we could then do would be to sit in a chair, hear nothing, see little, think less, live in the past and taste only salt and sweet.

We fail to die naturally because we live unnaturally, and so die of disease instead of old age. Disease is the outcome of unnatural living. It is

the natural punishment for sinning against the body.

The causes of disease are manifold. Foremost come wrong food and drink, worry and nervous strain. Formidable factors are heredity, impure air, lack of sunlight, lack of adequate exercise. Not to be despised are the effects of unnecessary drugs and operations to which mankind submits almost joyfully in its search for health.

Included under the effects of wrong food and drink are the effects of commercial processes upon right food, such as the little checked use of preservatives or chemicals in butter, flour and bread, tinned foods and drinks; and the effects, as yet unascertained but none the less present, of prolonged chilling upon meat, milk and so forth.

BUT we can take right food and drink, and what is equally important, take it in a right manner. Natural food in a natural manner must be our motto. Food should always be taken in as near a natural condition as possible, but what proportion of domesticated creatures are really healthy when killed?

Much of the practice of modern medicine is based upon the assumption that the worst will probably

happen. To remove an appendix because it may become gangrenous at some future date is now justifiable, if reasonable dieting will prevent such a thing happening.

However, it is not only our feeding habits that are wrong. We drink and smoke too much. Alcohol, tea, coffee, tobacco and beef teas are nerve poisons which have hurried countless thousands to their graves. Wrong feeding habits excite thirst for these stimulating drinks and tobacco is resorted to as a sedative afterwards.

SMALL wonder that we fail to die a natural death when from the cradle upwards we are doing our misguided best to flout nature. The price we pay can be measured by the cancer death-rate, the influenza epidemics, the pauper and lunatic statistics. But this question of natural living is also an economic proposition which will one day threaten the very existence of the people of these islands.

The remedy is simple, but requires much courage to apply. The results of unnatural living will eventually force us to revolutionise our diet, but the sooner we do so the better for ourselves. When human beings have learned to live naturally, they will stand more than a one-per-cent. chance of dying naturally.

Killing Babies ^{to} save Sixpence

by W. GREAVES-LORD, K.C., M.P.

IT has been the habit of those opposed to the Conservative Party, when every other attempt to minimise its progressive social work has failed, to point to some stubborn and pig-headed member who has mistaken his role in life, and to say, "There you are, you can never hope to carry out any real

social reform, while men with such ideas dominate your councils."

The fact is such men do not dominate the councils of any party, and so far as the Conservative Party in Parliament is concerned, from the Prime Minister



W. Greaves-Lord, K.C., M.P.

to the humblest member, there was never a band of men more united and determined to carry out the spirit and the letter of those principles which Disraeli laid down as a guide for all time, namely, concentrated effort for the uplifting of the masses of our people, and continuous devotion to the promotion of social welfare.

But while this is true of Parliamentary circles, there are places where men of mean thought, whose God is "cheapness" and whose constant nightmare "rates," exercise an

influence which is out of all proportion to their importance or their intelligence. I speak of men who may be found spread over the country among our municipal and other local governing bodies.

So engrossed are they with the small things attached to the annual expenditure on the parish pump, that they fail to realise the true greatness of municipal administration, or to see that the welfare of the country as a whole depends upon the breadth of outlook and genuine public spirit with which these matters relating to the everyday life of the people in our towns and villages are administered.

Housing is a matter which must call for enterprise on the part of the municipal authorities, and unless there is the will to act among our borough rulers the best schemes of statesmen may be prevented from reaching their full development. Yet we all know of cases where it would be easier to move mountains than to get some local authorities to give their people the full advantage of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Statute.

But it is in matters which touch even more deeply the sentiment as well as the welfare of the people that our parish gradgrinds excel. The nation as a whole has realised the appalling waste caused by the terrible surroundings in which many children

are born, and the necessity for the greatest care and spread of knowledge in promoting the healthy upbringing of children.

The awful conditions of overcrowding have intensified the need for maternity homes and child welfare centres in a way which only those who have suffered, or have devoted their lives to remedial work, can fully appreciate. And yet do we not know of town councillors who are willing to stifle and restrict the work of such centres, because as a matter of finance they do not pay their way?

When will the scales fall from their eyes so that they may visualise the position in the national balance-sheet, when, in place of the loss of life and wealth caused by neglect, we are able to claim as an asset, not merely the reduction of infantile mortality, but the growth of sound, healthy children to make strong citizens.

Unhappily, some of these blind cheeseparers claim to be supporters and even local leaders of the Conservative Party. It would be better if they would devote a little time to the study of Conservative principles, and nowhere will they find more useful or more broad-minded expositions than in the speeches of the Prime Minister.

So long as men whose minds have not expanded beyond the reduction of infinitesimal fractions in our rates continue to influence our local administration, so long will the Socialist flourish.



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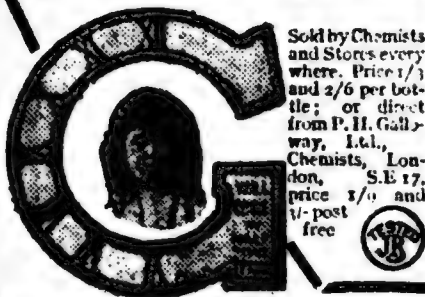
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Mrs. Eastwood, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes:—I feel bound to say a few words in praise of your wonderful COUGH SYRUP. My little girl contracted a very bad cough and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of "GALLOWAY'S" relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can.

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Human Documents.

A Woman's Secret Dread

And Other Intensely Human Stories and Problems from Real Life

"WHEN I was a girl of fifteen my mother was taken away from our home owing to mental trouble, and the remaining part of her life was spent in an institution for incurables, where she died when I was twenty.

"Since that time my father, my brothers and myself have kept a strict silence with regard to her complaint and the place where she died, and even our most intimate friends have no suspicion of the family taint.

"Five years ago we moved to the town where I now live, and six months after this change of locality I met my husband, our marriage taking place in 1923. During our courtship and even since we became man and wife I have given him no indication of our family trouble, for the disgrace of this weakness has compelled me to keep the matter secret from him.

"Six months ago our first baby was born, and rightly or wrongly I am beginning to think that he will be similarly affected as was his grandmother. There is really no outward indication that he has inherited her affliction, and undoubtedly the whole of my fears are due to this obsession of mine which grows greater as time passes.

"But perhaps you will have some understanding of my anxiety without my going further into the matter. Have you any advice which will help to bring me more peace of mind? Do you think I should tell my husband all and risk the possibility of this hidden sorrow being added to by the contempt he may have for me and mine?"

"Humanist" says: I think you should hold your tongue. The situation is there: you cannot conjure it away. You may be mistaken; I hope you are. Forget your fears, lest they subconsciously influence your son's life. Be a happy mother and treat him as a normal child. Don't cross the bridge before you come to it.

"UNTIL a short time ago ours was one of the happiest of happy homes, until the tragedy of my life has doomed me to remorse and misery for the rest of my days.

The Baby in Bed

"I married at the age of eighteen and a half years, and have been blessed with four bonnie children and all have been in such good health and so happy together until this sad affair happened.

"We took baby to bed as usual, and fell asleep, and in the morning as I put her off my arm to prepare to dress to get breakfast, I noticed she was most awfully pale, with dark rings round her little eyes. I at once brought her down and bathed her little face in cold water, and did all I possibly could to bring her round, as I believed her to be in a bad fit. I could not bring her round, and

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

I fetched my nearest neighbour in and she at once told me baby was gone.

"We had to attend an inquest. After I had given my evidence the doctor was called and asked the cause of death. He told the coroner the cause of death was suffocation.

"Oh, the pain and horror of it; and I never knew but what she died in a fit until that moment. I feel if only I had never slept that night my darling would be alive now."

"Humanist" says: I am very sorry for you, but you must comfort yourself with the knowledge that you were not to blame. Live for your other children, and Time, the great healer, will soften the blow.

"I AM a man of sixty-five years, and the last twenty years of my hard life have been spent in the wildest and coldest part of Canada.

Through the hard work and the deprivation of years of pleasure I have amassed a considerable well-earned fortune, and I have come back to my own neighbourhood.

"I am a widower, but I have two married daughters living a few miles from where I am now residing.

"My daughters are unaware of my coming home, as they fully think I am still in Canada. Since my coming home I have made private investigations and find that both are now married and have children.

"The elder of the two has married well and is fairly well-to-do; the younger is poor and has married a drunkard and no'er-do-well. It appears that one is well off and the other very poor; the former entertains very often and spends money foolishly, whilst the latter is at present on the verge of starvation.

"It is my wish to help my poor daughter, and I do so anonymously, but as to which shall receive my hard-earned money it puzzles me, because one spends too freely and the other has not got it to spend, but I know that if she had her drunken husband would drink and waste it."

"Humanist" says: You are entitled to dispose of your money as you wish. I should think it natural that you should help the poor and blameless daughter who needs it more than the rich one who doesn't. You could buy her an annuity through an insurance company, payable in trust only to her, or you could provide in trust for her children and their education.

"MY three-year-old baby (my only child) is very ill. The doctors have given her up and we were desperate, thinking there was nothing more to hope for, when the influence of my husband's employer most generously brought us the services of one of the best London specialists.

"The great doctor examined my little girl and then pronounced the opinion that if we are willing for her to undergo a crucial operation, he may be able to cure her. If the operation is successful, the child will live, and eventually get well again. If the operation fails, my little darling will continue living, but will lose the use of her limbs and her reason.

"If we refuse to allow the operation to be performed, we must see our child slowly die, although she is not in any pain.

"Can you imagine my agony? My husband says I must decide."

"Humanist" says: I sympathise with you deeply. But I think it is clearly your duty to give your child a chance. If she survives, you and she will be rewarded. If the operation fails you will have nothing to blame yourself for. Could you easily forgive yourself for want of courage as you saw your beloved little girl slowly fading away from the life and happiness that may yet be in store for her?"

The Family Purse.

"I am an unmarried wife, with a kind 'husband.' But he keeps me short of money. How can I get more from him? I am not extravagant."

By asking him. If he is kind he will give it. If he doesn't, perhaps, he can't afford it. He may be anxious to save money for the future. Help him all you can.

Foolish Practice.

"My sister has invested money in her employer's business and he has gone bankrupt. He told her he would personally see her paid."

People are very foolish to invest money for employment without taking legal advice. I am afraid she must cut her loss and forget it, reflecting that the experience will be valuable in future.

Father and Son.

"I am a publican's son. My mother, a good woman, has to manage the business as father is addicted to drink and leads a double life. Mother is saving up to open another business on her own. Should I give dad the hint?"

I think you are entitled to warn him that if he continues to drink, your mother will leave him. Do what you can to save him, without making your mother work harder.

A Girl's Prank.

"Once, for fun, I answered a matrimonial advertisement, describing myself—I am a single girl—as a war widow with a child. I now really like the man who replied—though I have not yet seen him. Should I deceive him? Will he understand and forgive?"

You should not marry him without deceiving him. Perhaps he will understand a girl's foolish prank and forgive. Get references from this man before you go any further with this engagement.

Words Winged to Women

LET'S ALL BE HAPPY

What Woman
can do in 1925

EVERYONE agrees that this period of the year is the Children's Festival.

Wherever the name of Christ is revered little children have eagerly looked forward to enjoying some special happiness at Christmas. Even the poorest are seldom disappointed, for it is at this season that the grown-ups appear at their brightest and best. Purse-strings are loosened, thoughts of goodwill and peace are entertained, and for a brief space the world seems a better place.

Charles Dickens showed us what a British Yuletide ought to be. We are being disloyal to our national tradition if we refuse to be happy just now, if we will not put away our personal sorrows and grievances, and entertain the real spirit in order to help the radiation of merry-making and goodwill.

THERE may be some who do not take this view. They may have felt that holly and mistletoe, gorgeous window displays, even the general air of expectancy and festivity, mock the unemployment with its shortage and misery, and all the rest of the distress brought about by our social ills. It is a side that cannot be overlooked, even by those who are doing their utmost to remedy all that we know to be ill.

But even the most zealous worker, whether the field of labour be in

by Mrs.
HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.

social service or politics, is at best a frail human being with only a very limited capacity for either loving, or working, or suffering. It is necessary that we make the best possible use of our allotted span. None of us can manage to carry the world on our own shoulders.

AT the same time, the thought of all the little children, the aged persons, and invalids, who through no fault of their own cannot obtain more than the barest necessities, even during this festive season, ought to check all undue extravagance. Most people are more generous than usual at this time. It is to be hoped they will be more generous still to those in need.

But there is something more vital and important in this spirit than mere impulse of giving. It is that family feeling—that oneness with all humanity—which constitutes its most important attribute.

After all, English-speaking people all over the world are one family, and this is the spirit we wish to capture and carry on with throughout the year.

Britain showed a magnificent unity and spirit of united service during the great war. It really seemed as though all class prejudice—on both sides—disappeared. Why cannot we

have that same spirit to help us now in solving all our peace problems? This is the season when hearts are open, when neighbours think kindly and gently of one another, when the needs of the children and the weak come first.



Mrs. Hilton Philipson,
M.P.

thoughts of bitterness and hatred.

WE shall not all think alike upon national problems. We shall not all agree upon the best method of solving them. But holding only thoughts of goodwill and generosity towards one another, we shall be much more likely to find the truth. Acting daily in this spirit, we could help to make in 1925 a happier Britain than she has ever been.

Mabel Philipson

Cocktails and Night Clubs

THOUGHTFUL men and women are asking the question today, "Is it well with the youth of Britain?"

It is not well when we see a craving among people to live in an atmosphere of excitement. Life seems to have lost much of its simplicity, and to have become artificial. It will be an ill day for this land when restfulness of the Home is lost, and people live entirely in the glare of the limelight.



Hon. Mrs. Corfield,
O.B.E., a Member of
the House of Lords in
the Church Assembly.

Of course youth must have recreation; no one will gainsay that. But—and here is my point—recreation should be wholesome and joyous, and not amusements that tend only to self-indulgence.

There are two very sinister things which are becoming a menace to the country, and are undermining the moral character of the people, women especially.

The first is—the growth of night clubs.

These clubs teach habits which cannot be conducive to good, and

by the Hon. Mrs.
CORFIELD, O.B.E.

which must be harmful to character. The second matter I would mention, and which I feel sure must undermine the moral character, is the excessive cocktail drinking, not only among men, but women. Any one who thinks of what is for the good of the nation, for its well-being and for the future moral standard of the generation to come, must deplore the habit of cocktail drinking, which is on the increase.

This habit must affect the health and nerves of those who practise this self-indulgence, and the future generation must therefore be affected.

I believe doctors agree in saying it is harmful. The constituents of a cocktail produce the craving for more, and the habit once begun will lead in many cases to a craving for drink, which causes a man or woman to lose self-control, and lowers the whole standard of life.

I have received a letter from a lady who is in a position to speak of the spread of this insidious danger among women, and even quite young girls, in women's clubs of exclusive standing, afternoon and evening dance clubs, charity dances and at fashion shows, where cigarettes and cocktails are now offered to the invited guests.

The writer speaks of cases within her own knowledge—as the result

of enquiries—of quite young women patients in nursing homes and private hospitals who have become dipsomaniacs as a result of the craving for spirits induced in the first place by indulgence in cocktails. My informant adds that the basis of most of the fashionable cocktails is gin, which has a depressing rather than an exhilarating effect in reaction. Hence, she adds, the craving for more, or a more potent spirit to kill the depression.

How can we guard the future of our Empire; how can we ensure that the children yet unborn are not tainted with the habit that is a poison to the mind and body?

The only way, it seems to me, is to inculcate in the young the wish for a more simple life, and to teach them a joy in wholesome recreation, and to show them that pleasure does not depend on unwholesome luxuries.

It is to women I would especially appeal. It is they who in a large measure raise or lower the standard of the nation. If a woman allows her conscience, her morals, her health to be undermined by the perpetual tossing up of a cocktail, she is unconsciously perhaps, but most surely, undermining the whole physical strength and moral of the future of the nation.

The motto which all in the State should be on their honour to carry out should be: "Purity—Steadfastness—Temperance."

JOHN BULL

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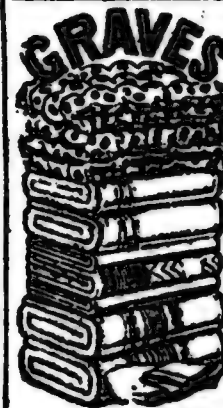
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Jockeys should be Made Unfair Riding Tactics—Lord Derby's 'Chaser—Back from the Dead

EVER since I have been writing these notes I have advised punters to back each way, and this applies particularly to my code selections. I know a large number of backers do not care for this method of staking, but I think it pays in the long run, although I am fully aware that a few of our cross-country riders deliberately pull their mounts out of the first three if they find they cannot win. In many countries a jockey finds himself before the stewards if he does not ride all out for a place, and our Jockey Club should enforce the same order. Backers are entitled to fair play, and in this respect they often do not get it.

So far this season my code selections, backed each way, show a profit of 14 points.

Lord Derby's 'Chaser.

I noticed the other day that Captain Whitaker had purchased a promising young 'chaser named Ireland's Hope for Lord Derby. I hope this is a sign that before very long we shall see the famous black shirt and white cap among the timber-toppers.

Murky Past's Resurrection.

It is not uncommon for famous people to read, with some surprise, their obituary notices, but it is seldom that a dead horse comes to life again. Murky Past is a five-year-old gelding by Rook—Scapegoat II. He took part in the Elvaston 'Chase at Nottingham on December 8, fell and, according to the Press reports, was destroyed. In spite of his sudden death, Murky Past turned up at Derby, exactly a week later, took part in another Elvaston 'Chase and ran second to Hackdene. For this marvellous feat I think the gelding deserves to be renamed. Murky Past is a bit of a blot—even for a race-horse.

Watch the Irish.

Watch the Irish is one of my mottoes adaptable to the jumping season. On the flat their form is reckoned to be several pounds inferior to ours, but this is not so over the sticks. Only a few weeks ago L'African, Soothing Glass and Paddy Milestone landed an Irish treble at Haydock. Another one of

their clever coups was won and lost in the objection room at Derby when Glanmore, trained by McDougal and ridden by F. Rees, was disqualified for crossing. A journey across St. George's Channel in December is not particularly pleasant, and it stands to reason that Patrick is always after the spoils. On the other hand, some of our trainers win when they like. It might be as well to remember that Troystown, Shaun Spadah and Sergeant Murphy, three of the Grand National winners since 1920, were all Irish-bred horses. Ballinode may do the trick for them once again in 1925.

Fav'rits.

This little bit of verse was sent to me by a punter who visited Lovely Lingfield on the second day of the meeting. On the first day all the favourites won. On his day Alcazar landed the odds. The other five first choices slipped up.

Fav'rits!

Perishin', punishin' fav'rits!

Back 'em—they lose,

Fairly give you the blues;

Leave 'em alone,

They come home on their own.

Fav'rits!

Don't you go trustin' the fav'rits!

Trust all of Eve's sisters,

Trust confidence twisters,

Trust Bucket-shop snipers,

Trust cobras and vipers,

Trust tipsters and touts,

Never mind about doubts,

But if fav'rits you trust

You will surely go bust!

Fav'rits!

You'll never get rich backin' fav'rits!

Fav'rits!

Trust anything rather than fav'rits!

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Kempton Park, Friday.

TEST MATCH, UNGER'AIN.

Kempton Park, Saturday.

LEE BRIDGE, SYRIAN.

Wolverhampton, Friday.

CONJUROR II, FARIRAY.

Wolverhampton, Saturday.

FERDIA, PETER PAX.

What we Think of the

THE draw for the first round of the English Cup has, as usual, left a lot of the big clubs without any anxiety as to their further progress.

Two of the luckiest in the national competition are the Villa and the 'Spurs, and while you never know what is going to happen in cup-ties these teams probably consider themselves as good as in the second round already, since both are drawn at home and have nothing much to beat respectively in Port Vale and Northampton.

Another soft job is that which awaits Newcastle, who on their own ground are sure to have a few goals to spare against Hartlepool. And there will be trouble at the Hawthorns if West Bromwich do not summarily knock-out Luton.

Other Likely Winners.

Other first division clubs I shall expect to get into the next round at the first time of asking are Birmingham, Notts Forest, Blackburn Rovers and Cardiff City. The first three have to meet second division sides and Cardiff City the third division (northern) leaders, Darlington, who can do with their share of what will be a nice gate.

All these "big" teams will have ground advantage, so I must expect the dismissal of Chelsea, Clapton Orient and

One Hundred Not Out!

"One hundred not out!" was a headline which caught my eye in a recent issue of the *Sporting Life and Sportsman*. This did not refer to Hobbs in Australia, but to F. B. Rees' winning mounts for 1924.

F. B. has put up a splendid record, and his average is very nearly a first in every three rides. One of his admirers referred to him at Lingfield as "the Fred Archer of National Hunt racing." Personally, I do not think you can compare the two jockeys. In the days of Archer there were not many cracks, and Fordham was his principal opponent. Archer F.B. Rees, the famous always got the horseman, who has mounts. F. B. Rees won over 100 races also "gets the this year.

mounts," but there are three or four jockeys capable of giving him a good run for his money. A few years ago F. B. rode as an amateur. He has one Grand National to his credit. He steered Shaun Spadah to victory in 1921.

Three Star to the Front.

M. J. Hennessey, of "Three Star" fame, has always had designs on the Grand National, but has never had much luck. He tells me he is going to have another try next year, but has not yet decided which of his horses trained in France will be sent over to throw down the gauntlet. Whatever he sends should be worth watching.

Two More Invaders.

America is sending a smart three-year-old long-distance performer to Europe next season in Altafwood, who is easily the best horse in America over long distances. New Zealand also is sending The Gloaming, who has only lost two



Oldham, but if Birmingham think they have a soft thing on in Chelsea they will be wise to get this out of their heads.

The Best Tie of All.

The best looking tie of promise is Bolton v. Huddersfield at Bolton. What a game this ought to be and what a crowd!

I wish Taylor could be back in the Huddersfield goal, which he is unlikely to be, because I am sure the Bolton forwards, very hot stuff on their own pitch, are going to give the Huddersfield defence a heap of trouble.

Bolton will probably just win, but it will be a great struggle.

Feeble Fighters.

Sunderland are feeble cup-tie fighters, and I am not going to tip them to win at Bury. They may, however, force a replay and be glad to do so.

The Lancashire clash between Everton and Burnley will not be an easy game on which to arrive at a correct forecast. Before I do so I shall wait and see how these two teams perform in the meantime.

Liverpool are still a fair side on their day, and they should beat Leeds United at Anfield Road, but there are a lot of veterans in the Liverpool team, and if the game is a fast one it's not 2 to 1 against the Yorkshire club.

to Ride for Places

—Watch the Irish—One Hundred Not Out!

aces out of fifty. With the inevitable French invaders things should be livelier next season.

Bribing Jockeys.

Slowly the Jockey Club is moving against the jockeys who bet, but what about the invidious scoundrels who bribe jockeys to lose? Many riders can tell of money sent to them anonymously through the post as an inducement to "pull" their horses. Some stick to the money and win, but what a temptation to jockeys when they are told that if they lose there will be more money for them in the same way. A case in point was the receipt of a bank note by the rider of a strongly-fancied French invader last season. Though the rider is incorruptible, the horse was narrowly beaten, and in the belief that it was the bribe that did the trick the "sportsman" concerned duplicated the original note.

PADDOCK PARS.

Master Bob is a fine French 'bater who has negotiated four miles. It will be a remarkable coincidence in names if he follows in the footsteps of Master Robert and wins the next National.

H. Hunt, attached to Fittin's stable at Lowest, has ridden three horses this season for Goby, the Epsom trainer, and scored every time.

Bold Chap won the Dufield Selling Hurdle Race at Derby last year and was to have contested this year's event last week. He fell dead in the paddock before the race.

Red Carver should be re-named Charley's Aunt. Since 1923 the 'chaser has taken part in nearly fifty jumping events and he is still full of beans.

JUMPERS TO FOLLOW.

Glanmore.—F. Rees' mount was unlucky to lose the Belper Handicap 'Chase at Derby on a disqualification. As a winner without a penalty the four-year-old should be backed next time out.

Little Buffet.—A certain winner of a long-distance hurdle race. The gelding should be returned at a good price.

Lindholm.—I coded Lindholm to win the Bostel Handicap Hurdle at Plumpton, but the meeting was abandoned owing to fog. I missed him at Lingfield three days later when he won at 7 to 1.

owing to the fact that I could not obtain definite information that he was a starter. Butcher's horse is useful over two miles.

Royal Chancellor.—Lord Westmorland's splendid lepper jumped his opponents off their feet in the Derbyshire Handicap 'Chase. I wrote a special paragraph about this horse after his display at Sandown. He is one of the best three-milers in the country.

Espino.—Bennett's useful youngster has been on the shelf for a few weeks. It is most likely that he will be promoted from selling hurdle races, but, in any event, he should not be missed.

Young Pole.—At one time Young Pole was a good handicap horse on the flat, but he seemed to deteriorate. A course of hurdling has improved Smallwood's six-year-old, and I expect him to win his next race.

Orpi.—The late Mr. Kenyon's well-known performer on the flat has taken kindly to the jumping game, and should be backed first time out. The mare now belongs to Mr. Bazley, the owner-trainer.

Alopex.—A big gamble misfired when Alopex failed in the Winter Handicap Hurdle Race at Lingfield. Poole's horse finished fourth, and I am inclined to give him one more chance. The stable does not make many mistakes.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, A 2 EV R C U Y O H J N K I

W X S Q M P L S G B T Z D F

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. O S Z S M W U C G E J would read GENERAL POST.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from December 26 to 30.

Cup-Ties

Villa and 'Spurs again in the luck.

Another Lancashire tie is Preston North End v. Manchester City. This is very likely to be drawn.

It's a pity for London that the Arsenal and West Ham have to clash at Upton Park, where they will have to shut the gates an hour before the kick-off.

This tie will probably be won by the only goal scored, and I shall expect West Ham to get it.

Corinthians Not Well Drawn.

One of the other remaining first division clubs, Sheffield United, will entertain the Corinthians, honourable opponents in the days when both had much wider resources.

I should have liked to have seen the amateurs, the sole survivors of the Unpaid, have something easier than this, but they will make the United play slight.

Nottingham go to Coventry, and all I need say now is that they will have to win there to confirm their League performance.

Barrow v. Wilson.

I shall deal with some of the other ties, a lot of which don't matter much except to the people concerned, as the date of the first round, January 10, approaches.

But there is going to be a real scrap at

Sheffield between the Wednesday and Manchester United. The latter are not going to be content this season with promotion only.

I can see Barrow and George Wilson, the respective centre-halves, having one of the afternoons of their lives in this particular tie.

The Scottish Ties.

There are some interesting clashes in the first round of the Scottish Cup. Hibernians v. Aberdeen should be a tit-bit, with the Irishmen winning by a goal margin. Falkirk v. Morton will be another close thing, but the "Bains" should pull it off, while Celtic—after a tussle—should dispose of Third Lanark, and Rangers beat East Fife. With so many First League teams drawn "away," however, there may be big surprises.

WEEK-END COUPS.

1 HOME.—Cardiff, Wolves, Brighton, Bristol C., Darlington, Rochdale, Rangers.
5 HOME.—Sunderland, Portsmouth, Bristol C., Darlington, Rangers.
3 AWAY.—West Ham, Derby C., Hibernians.
3 DRAWS.—Everton v. Birmingham, Orient v. Blackpool, Raith R. v. Celtic.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Brighton, Rochdale, Rangers, Derby C., Hibernians.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Rangers, Hibernians, Hearts v. St. Mirren.

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Our Letter Parliament

Is Spiritualism a Fake?

Our Readers Air their Views on This and Other Subjects

Scientific Dupes.

Your article on Spiritualism will just about convince many of those people who have been in two minds regarding this grave question. Undoubtedly much of the "Spiritualism" of to-day is only clever manipulation by fake mediums. Your own investigations some time ago proved this. Scientific men are the easiest dupes in this game, because they forget the human element, and they are easy prey for the people who are trying to deceive the public. Like A. G. G., I long ago decided there was nothing in it—although I was quite keen to believe there was.—Tom P., London.

An Investigation.

Your article impels me to ask whether the time has not arrived for a full and authoritative investigation of the truth or falsity of the claims of spiritualists. No one denies the existence of a large number of fraudulent harpies who exploit the hopes of the credulous. But the question remains whether, apart from this, there is not some truth in the assertions of spiritualists which it would be to the public interest to investigate. It should be possible to empanel a jury of integrity and eminence whose findings would carry conviction, and decide once and for all this important question.—F. L. R., Deptford.

Hope Deferred.

I quite agree with A. G. G., and I dare venture to say there will be thousands of your readers who will scan his article with interest and come to the same conclusion. I confess I have been a "believer" for thirty years, and I have many times longed to hear the voices of my dear departed father and mother, but never once have I had an insight to anything beyond the veil. I firmly believe that God will reveal to me all he wants me to know. We are told to beware of false teachers and doctrines, and it behoves every believer to put on the whole armour and watch and pray.—A Reader, Bradford.

Bogus Mediums.

It seems to me that A. G. G. is rather hasty in his conclusions regarding Spiritualism. After all, there are many people in the provinces who take the subject quite seriously—and there are any number of scientific men (more qualified to speak than your contributor) who are devoting their life to the problem of Life beyond the Veil. I agree that there are many bogus spiritualistic mediums who are little more than conjurers, but why condemn all because of a few black sheep? Surely the matter is worth deep and careful thought.—Justine Paul, Birmingham.

To-morrow's Realities.

A. G. Gardiner may be a great writer, but that does not warrant him consigning other people's beliefs to the wastepaper basket as rubbish because they differ from his own. There are men to-day as great as your writer who do believe in Spiritualism, and though not a Spiritualist myself, I believe there may be something in it. The last generation never saw the tremendous possibilities of wireless, but through it the next generation will see, the faces of the great dead, and, with the gramophone, hear their voices. Statesmen and singers, etc., living now, will record features and voices to be seen and heard in the next generation. Yesterday's impossibilities may be to-morrow's realities.—John Lukins, Bolton.

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Beyond the Veil.

A. G. G. for once is unfair. While acknowledging the possible existence of spheres of knowledge at present unknown, he nevertheless declares that Spiritualism is "rubbish." Spiritualism must be treated as a phenomenon. Communication with the dead can be established without the questionable aid of "mediums," etc. It would be interesting if Mr. Gardiner would state the exact test conditions under which he would acknowledge Spiritualism—as a phenomenon. As a religion, Spiritualism may possibly deserve A. G. G.'s epithet.—Experientia Docet.

Mr. Bogus on Tour.

The touring manager, theatre manager, and the booking agent should be made by law to sign all contracts as co-partners, each being liable for the artist's salaries. The touring manager should be bound to state the amount of his salary list to agent and theatre manager, the latter to "car mark" the touring manager's proportion of the receipts, and to allow nothing to be drawn till salaries are satisfied. By thus sharing the responsibility, the bogus agent, theatre manager, and touring manager would be eliminated.—T. J., London.

Love or Lucre.

"Does the heart of woman desire luxury, ease and splendour, or the love of a good man and a happy home?" you ask. I will answer for my sex and say "both!"—if they can be obtained properly." But to the great majority of us luxury, ease and splendour are mere terms representing a state of life which we shall never know. But there is a greater thing on earth than riches, and that is mutual love between a married couple. Where you find a woman who says she would go and live with a man, not her husband, "because he was able to give her everything that the heart of woman could desire," you have a poor, unhappy soul.—Mrs. X., Elgin.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE":—"Take all the juice from the lemon, put it into a bottle, and rub the face and corn every night until they DISAPPEAR."

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"SMART NOVELS":—"It had come to her that night, with the touch of Jim's hand, and his nearness, and the SOUND of his young FACE in the moonlight."

"ISLE OF ELY AND WISBECH ADVERTISER":—"On Thursday afternoon a few but select purchasers gathered at the Wisbech Museum when Mr. — kindly offered for sale NEXT YEAR'S illustrated papers and magazines."

Eating Death.

There is no doubt about it, we humans do eat too much. Your article "Why not be a Cannibal?" makes it quite clear that we eat as a matter of habit as much as we do through necessity. The appalling part about it is that we are all unconsciously eating ourselves to disease and death. With drivelling and dotage staring us in the face, these orgies of eating must come to an end. The Christmas of the future does not bear thinking about.—John Slim.

The Black Cap.

The death sentence is little better than a barbarous custom that is an outrage to these highly civilised times, and the people are gradually awakening to the fact. Capital punishment has been a thorn in the side of society for many years, and the time being now ripe, the people should press for its abolition in many cases. Victor Hugo said "Death belongs to God alone."—H. J. D., Kent.

Christmas Every Day.

At this time there is an abundance of "goodwill to all men" that appears on Christmas Eve, and disappears on Christmas night until the following Christmas. Hospitals, charitable institutions and the poor are the objects of sympathy, and charity and loving-kindness are poured out freely and without grudge. Why not carry this Christmas spirit with us all the year round?—D. Anderson, Hyde.

The Hidden Plague.

It is our duty to see that every boy and girl is made aware of the problems relating to the sexes, so why not start laying the foundations at school? The teachers are mentally qualified to speak on this subject better than many parents. A great deal of evil springs from the fact that parents to-day are themselves in ignorance. By teachers laying the basis of such an education the future generation would be better equipped to receive and impart this knowledge, thereby reflecting credit on our national purity.—H. F.

Must Woman Obey?

This is a decidedly wrong and misleading question. In this world many things are "out of joint," and no rule can be laid down in the regretful case of a degraded husband. But in every well-ordered household, the intelligent wife is delighted to obey her husband as her head, or chief, the one from whom she receives affectionate direction and praise. As Gipsy Smith says:—"There is no question of equality, the woman being superior. But since she is the weaker, she naturally obeys her own husband, under whose protection she lives."—J. T. R.

Financing the Foreigner.

British industry is said to suffer from the combination of banks. The banks buy and sell "gilt-edged" securities because it pays them better to do so. When a foreign loan is on the market they scramble for the issue, but they are not willing to grant loans on industrial securities at home unless they are quoted on the Stock Exchange at the time. The personal interest in a customer disappears by such combination. Can we wonder that the re-establishment of German and other foreign banks in this country finds favour? We finance the foreigner by scrambling for his issue and encouraging his invasion in the banking world, and our unemployed are living or existing on the dole.—Rev. H. A. M.

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If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship, and finish of this wonderful Harry Overcoat to measure, you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the amount paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. We also make an S.B. Lounge Suit to your special measure for £2 to which the same unequalled guarantee applies.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS WHICH WILL BE SENT UNDER PLAIN COVER.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your order carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely FREE The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS OR CALL

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

A £5 5 0
ALL WOOL
SUIT
to measure
for
£2.0.0

An £8:8:0
Bond Street
DINNER
JACKET
SUIT
£4:7:6
The
Perfection of
EVENING
DRESS
WEAR.

100 Per Cent.
Pure New
Wool
BLUE SERGE
SUIT
to measure
for
£3.10

UNTIL 31st DEC. ONLY
SPECIAL OFFER OF
THE BARRICO TAILOR-MADE TRIPLE PROOFED GARADINE
TRENCH COAT
(The Famous Four-in-One Model)
at **32/6** only
POST PAID.

This offer will not be repeated. To mark the year's end we are reducing the price of our famous "Barrico" Trench Coat to 32/6. The same high grade finish, the same excellent quality materials throughout, which have made the name of "Barrico" famous the world over, will prevail, and the garment will be, as ever, an artistic, stylish, fully draped all-weather coat, the like of which it would not be easy to secure elsewhere at double the price. Remember this special offer is until 31st December only, and will not be repeated by us.

Post us your remittance early for 32/6, giving us your height and size round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once and we will refund your cash in full without demur. This offer closes finally on the 31st December. No more useful or seasonable Xmas offering could be proffered than one of our famous "Barrico" Trench Coats.

S.A. BARRY & Co. Ltd.
(J.B. DEPT) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
(Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus)



YOUR FOREBEARS

for nearly 200 years have smoked Wills's Tobacco with satisfaction and pleasure. This unique record of holding continuously the Goodwill of the World's Tobacco Smoker is unqualified testimony that the highest quality of matured leaf has always been used. The modern smoker can always rely with certainty that only the choicest grades of selected leaf will be used.

WILLS'S

"GOLD FLAKE" CIGARETTES

10 for 6^d.

REGD.
TRADE
MARK,



Always Ask for
WILLS'S
"Gold Flake"



Amazing Offer

**A Genuine 5/-
Fountain Pen
Presented absolutely
FREE!**

*to "John Bull" Readers who will give the
"Passing Show" a six weeks' trial.*

HERE is an amazing offer which we believe is absolutely unprecedented in the history of journalism.

There is no "catch." There are no irksome conditions.

All we ask you to do is to give the "PASSING SHOW" a trial for six weeks, and in return we will send you FREE a genuine 5/- Fountain Pen as illustrated and described on this page.

THIS offer is made to introduce the "PASSING SHOW" to new readers only.

Obviously, we could not afford to give away a Pen of this quality were we not reasonably certain that after taking the "PASSING SHOW" regularly for six weeks, you will continue as one of our ever-growing army of regular readers.

We believe that the "PASSING SHOW," with its brilliant two-colour cover and 36 pages for 2d., stands supreme amongst the world's wittiest weeklies—that it contains the best stories—the best articles, cartoons and jokes—the best and brightest gossip of the day—the best Book Page—and the best of everything.

Just as this offer has appealed to you, so it will appeal to thousands of others. There will be an enormous demand for the "PASSING SHOW" for the next few weeks. If you wish to make absolutely certain of your copy each week, place an order for the regular weekly delivery of the "PASSING SHOW" with your News agent NOW!

Full directions as to how to secure one of these pens FREE appear on the large Voucher below. Read carefully. Also, as this offer is strictly limited to the first 10,000 applicants, be sure to post the coupon on the right hand side of this page to the "PASSING SHOW" at once, in order to ensure that one of these Gift Pens is reserved in your name.

PASSING SHOW
Britain's Brightest Weekly
EVERY SATURDAY—TWO PENCE

A Superb Pen.

The "PASSING SHOW" PEN is a triumph of the finest British workmanship, and embodies many of the refinements characteristic only of the most expensive models. The gracefully tapered barrel of raven black brilliance is made of highly burnished vulcanite of the very highest quality.

Solid Gold Nib.

The Nib is of solid gold—14 carat—iridium tipped, costly to make, but without which no Pen can be considered perfect.

The "Spoon" Feed.

The ink flow is regulated by the "Spoon" Feed—an ingenious device that allows just the right amount of ink to flow to the pen point by means of capillary attraction. The "PASSING SHOW" PEN never needs coaxing—it starts to write the instant the nib touches the paper.

The pen is beautifully balanced.

The "Spoon" Feed Device.

Two Years' Written Guarantee.

So well have the manufacturers done their work that we cheerfully give a written TWO YEARS' GUARANTEE with every Pen. With care, your Pen will last a lifetime.

Voucher
Value

5/-

Keep this Voucher. It brings you a 5/- "Passing Show" Presentation Fountain Pen absolutely FREE. Available until Saturday, February 28, 1925.

How to get the Gift Pen

COMMENCING with the issue of the "Passing Show" on Sale Saturday, December 27th, you will find each week, a numbered coupon similar to the one reproduced here. These Coupons will be consecutively numbered—the one in issue on Sale December 27th will be No. 1; January 3rd, No. 2; and so on.

Send this Voucher, together with six consecutively numbered Coupons cut from six successive issues of the "Passing Show," and in return you will receive absolutely FREE a genuine 5/- "Passing Show" Presentation Fountain Pen.

Coupons may be cut from any six consecutive issues of the "Passing Show" as long as this scheme is in force. Thus, you may send Coupons Nos. 1 to 6; or 2 to 7; and so on.

Make sure of getting your copies of the "Passing Show" by placing a regular order with your Newsagent.

To the "PASSING SHOW," (Dept. A.) Long Acre, London, W.A.2.

I enclose six consecutively numbered Coupons cut from six successive issues of the "Passing Show."

I am a new reader and copies from which Coupons were cut were purchased by me.

In accordance with your special offer please send me a 5/- "Passing Show" Presentation Pen absolutely FREE.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

N.B.—State if Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage, packing and insurance, and an additional 3d. in stamps for pen clip, if desired.

POST AT ONCE

This Coupon reserves a 5/- Gift Pen in your name.

To the "PASSING SHOW," (Dept. A.), Long Acre, London, W.A.2.

I intend to give the "Passing Show" a six weeks' trial in accordance with your special offer.

Please reserve a 5/- Gift Pen in my name.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE

N.B.—This special offer is limited to the first 10,000 applicants.

If you wish a Gift Pen to be reserved in your name, this Coupon MUST be sent in at once. Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope.

N.B.—All consecutively numbered Coupons to the blank spaces above. Numbers MUST be consecutive.

to JOHN BULL Readers

A Wonderful New Year's Number

WHATEVER your opinion of 1924 may be, we've done our best to give 1925 a good send-off with the finest number of the "PASSING SHOW" yet produced.

Never before has such a budget of good cheer been packed between

the pages of a humorous weekly. Never in the history of journalism has a humorous weekly carried such an array of famous names on its cover.

Take advantage of our offer now by filling in the forms on the opposite page.



Not a "Grim" Fairy Tale!

"OLD Man Cassim had two daughters, Fatima and Beauty. When this Cassim—some sort of commercial, I reckon—set off one morning, he said, rashly: 'Now, girls, when Poppa comes back from Bagdad, just what sort of a souvenir would you be tickled to find under the sponge-bag in the grip?' Fatima (having had enough of squashed packets of Turkish Delight) replied: 'But that is enough to enable you to get the drift of this joyous burlesque, "Beauty and the Beast," by Ben Travers, author of "The Dippers." Something like a fairy tale. This is the first of a wonderful new series. Better go without your breakfast than miss it.



Host: "Beaten you, Fatty!"
Guest (a football enthusiast): "Yes, but wait until you come over to our place. I always do better on my own ground."

One of the many good jokes from this week's "PASSING SHOW."

Ten Guineas for solving a Cross Word Puzzle.

PUT on your thinking cap—wear out that dictionary if necessary—for here is the most ingenious Cross Word Puzzle you ever tackled, and there's a prize of Ten Guineas. Have a shot!

"The Little Stranger."

by A. G. G.

"PARSON TOOGOOD is praying for peace on earth; Colonel Smashem, D.S.O., hopes for a good rousing war; Mr. Bung wants a land flowing with beer and stout; Pussyfoot Johnson a land where nothing stronger than barley water is drunk... Here is a whimsical article by "A. G. G." on the mixed reception 1925—The Little Stranger—is likely to receive. "A. G. G." gives his humour full rein, but reserves some very sound philosophy for all of us. It is "A. G. G." at his best—don't miss this very human article.



"You only had the Strand Up Twice."

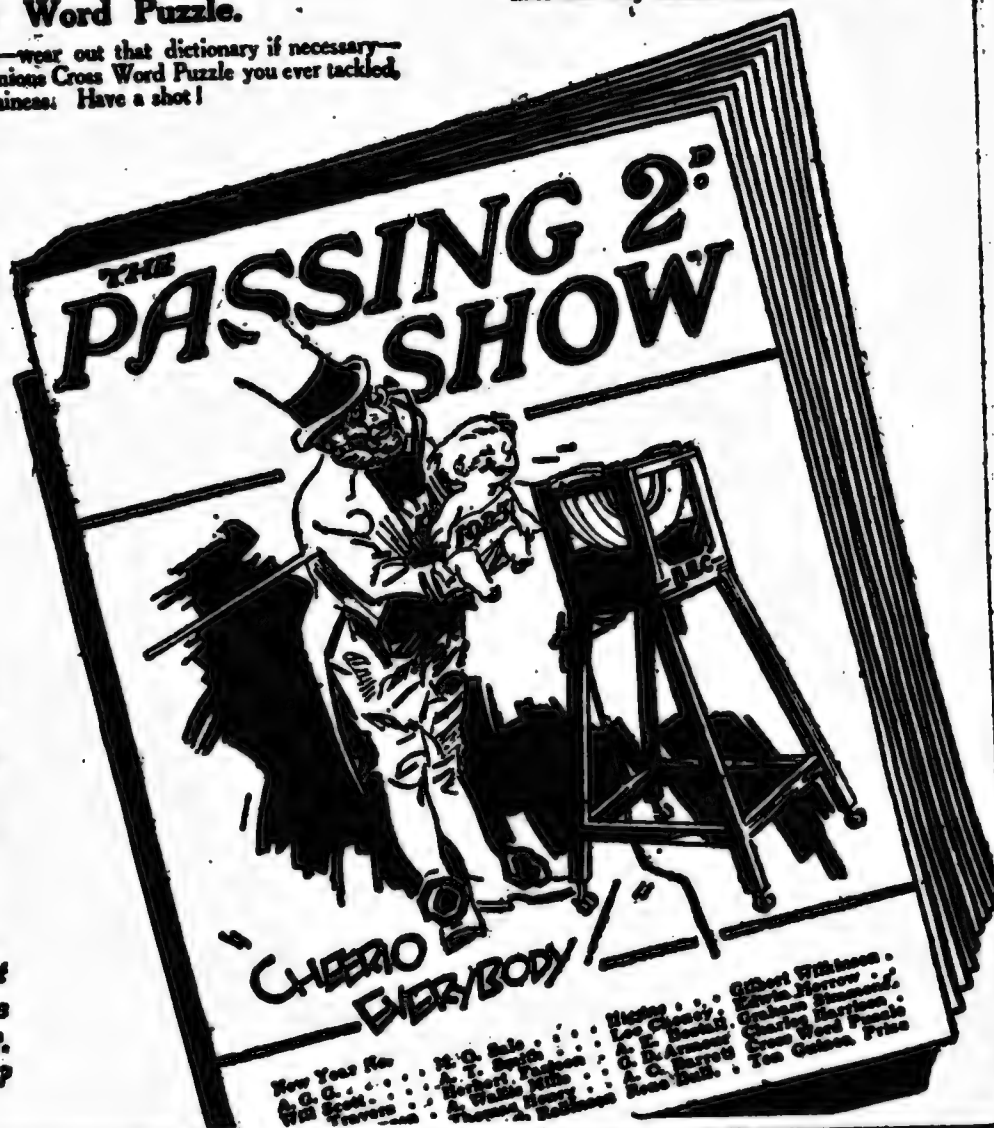


"YOU gave us Wembley (which several people visited); you rotted up the cricket season; the only man who collected a red face at the seaside last August has since been living under the foul calumny that he has given way to drink; as a Leap Year you were a little disappointing..." All of which is another way of saying that Ashley Sterne has broken out in a

new place in the "PASSING SHOW" New Year Number. Read his "An Open Letter to 1924"—you will be tickled to death—or as near it as is good for you!

Don't miss the Wonderful Offer of a 5/- Fountain Pen Absolutely FREE. Full details on opposite page.

P.S.—Before you turn over, read the wonderful list of Contributors at the foot of the cover of the New Year's Number, reproduced on the right. Did you ever see such an array of talent for 2d.?





John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column this page.

T. B. (Bristol).—"I love to sit in front of a good fire and think of nothing." Egoist!

T. B. (Rugby).—"I can read you like a book." That's how we're meant to be read.

W. J. A. (Wakefield).—"Weight of evidence is the best proof." It certainly very often carries conviction.

B. T. (Walthamstow).—"I think a great deal more than I have time to write." What a merciful escape!

R. H. (Willesden).—"Our climate is not conducive to prohibition." Personally, we shouldn't mind if it went dry for a bit.

W. T. (Preston).—"The husband should be the wife's guiding light." But so often they're the kind of lights that go out at night.

R. B. (Shrewsbury).—"Although only twenty-four I was awarded the O.B.E. during the war." Age is on your side—try and live it down.

E. A. C. (Bolton).—"Artificial silk is used in many different industries." It is, for example, the stock-in-trade of the stocking trade.

"TEE-TEE" (Magor).—"If only a drunken man could see himself in a looking-glass!" He would probably find it a staggering revelation.

J. C. L. (Islington).—"Music-hall patrons expect a programme with a bit of a bite in it." And a drink in the interval with a bit of a kick in it.

P. L. P. (Paddington).—"It is absurd to have a drink bar at some music-halls and none at others." The Pussyfoots want a drink bar at all music-halls.

A. Mc D. (W. 1).—"What is the total number of telephones in the country." "Haven't the faintest, but the number of wrong numbers is simply colossal."

M. R. J. (Sheerness).—"Although he pretends not to like fish he usually manages to eat half of mine." Hard lines. You can hardly call your sole your own.

T. B. (Ipswich).—"I don't look forward to Christmas any longer." That's probably because when it's over you're likely to find yourself very much shorter.

T. B. (Yarmouth).—"Every man should dress quietly if he wishes to economise." We always do except, of course, when the collar stud hides itself.

K. C. (Plymouth).—"Surely, if an intelligent husband insists, his wife ought to obey him?" The argument is not sound. No intelligent husband would insist.

T. K. (Nuneaton).—"I have not been away from the office for twenty-two years." Only Government officials dare to be away for that length of time with impunity.

D. D. (Harrow).—"Allow me to add to the contents of your W.P.B." Granted.

G. G. (Sudbury).—"Some magistrates ought not to dispense justice at all." They don't.

J. L. (Nottingham).—"I have no wish to waste your time." You didn't, believe us.

E. M. (Dover).—"We are not British Fascists but British Fascists." You're still B.F.s.

T. L. (Plymouth).—"How can I tell a mad dog?" We never do—it is safer to send it a postcard!

C. H. (Oldham).—"What's the difference between British and Russian 'Reds'?" About 1,000 miles.

D. W. (Rochdale).—"This has come straight from my heart." Which, of course, accounts for the mess it was in.

A. F. (Leyton).—"What use is it for anyone to become a Doctor of Music?" Have you never heard a jazz band?

S. K. (Leeds).—"I got a second-hand Ford car last week for a mere song." Singers must put up with risks like this.

J. Y. (Sowden).—"There is very little difference between work and pleasure." But oh! that little, and what a lot it is!

D. A. (Newnham).—"I have always put a penny away for a rainy day." It must have cost you a fortune this year!

C. C. (Leeds).—"Some songs never seem to die." Querer, isn't it, when so many singers do their best to murder them?

C. P. (Manchester).—"The doctor says that what I need is change." He's probably thinking of the bill he has ready for you.

S. V. (Stockport).—"I really think I was born to command." In which case, of course, you're a confirmed bachelor.

L. N. (Gorton).—"My boy spends all his evenings listening-in and neglects his lessons." But he's still doing ohm-work.

P. B. (Chelsea).—"I like to meet people with fresh ideas on life." Such people are all right as long as their ideas aren't too fresh.

D. S. (Cambridge).—"Women never seem able to make up their minds." But they're very good at minding their make-up.

B. P. (Luton).—"What is the instrument used to pierce the ears?" The bagpipes.

C. T. (Leicester).—"I'll try to make myself plain." You're an unusual kind of a girl.

G. J. F. (Mitcham).—"I am very fond of organ recitals." Go and give them to your doctor.

G. N. (Harlesden).—"We never have a cross word in our house." You prefer "Bullets"?

C. H. P. (Lewes).—"You can't make a fool of me!" No; we admit we've been forestalled.

L. McD. (Aberdeen).—"I can't stand cold water." Why not? It's the cheapest drink of all to stand.

K. F. A. (Wood Street).—"In the silk stocking trade a man can rise to a big fortune." We've noticed that there are many ladders to help him.

V. B. (Bramhall).—"Last time I played golf the ball travelled 800 yards and stopped dead an inch from the hole." What a lie!

Mrs. G. P. (Carlisle).—"My husband is mad on these cross-word puzzles." Show him our £500 *Bulleis* offer and he'll recover his senses.

W. B. (Northampton).—"I think mistletoe causes much unhappiness." Although, of course, a miss-understanding is seldom misunderstood.

T. M. (Worcester).—"Being single I have lived in digs all my life and am fed up with them." What you want is a better-half with better quarters.

B. A. (Twickenham).—"Prime Ministers should be elected in alphabetical order." Don't forget, however, that Lloyd George's name begins twice.

P. D. (Chislehurst).—"The long and the short of it seems a silly expression to me." Why, look how a man longs for money when he's short of it.

T. F. D. (Exeter).—"My meeting a palmist has affected both our lives." She seems to have crossed your path as a result of your crossing her palm.

J. N. (Rayleigh).—"In most new houses there isn't room to swing a cat." But the owners safeguard themselves by forbidding the keeping of animals.

E. M. B. (Kirkcaldy).—"I don't expect my stocking to be full when I wake up this Christmas morning." Then that's just about when you'll put your foot in it.

WE'VE done something in the past year. We've made more people happy than any other weekly journal in the world.

A beast? Yes, if you like. But a beast with a solid foundation of fact. We are not referring to the editorial contents of the paper, or to the wrongs we have righted, or the scandals we have exposed, but to the work of our wonderful FREE ADVICE SERVICE.

The Service has sent personal replies through the post to hundreds of thousands of grateful readers. It has solved the problems of countless fathers, taken away the worries of many mothers.

If you are in trouble, or in doubt about anything, write to JOHN BULL about it! Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, and we'll do the rest!

G. H. K. (Whitehaven).—"My brains are my chief assets." Oh, well, poverty's no crime.

A. H. (E. Dulwich).—"What does Hogmanney mean?" A few over the odd usually.

L. N. C. (Barrow).—"My foot often goes to sleep." You shouldn't let your toes turn in.

J. D. (Harborough).—"Are bald men bad tempered?" Well, they fail to keep their hair on.

A. L. N. (Watford).—"My sister goes out every Saturday with a Scotsman." The woman pays!

G. B. (Nuffield).—"Fatness is largely due to over-eating." Figures certainly seem to support the theory.

EMILY C. (Bognor).—"My husband ought to have more amusements." We'll send him your letter if you like.

W. H. E. (Cork).—"Children must be taught self-reliance." And, at this season of the year, self-restraint.

J. D. (Mayfair).—"I believe in grace before meat." So does any woman who aims at the fashionable slim figure.

G. F. (London, S.W.).—"I try to think of the future." We trust that at Christmas you won't forget the present.

E. A. (Shoreditch).—"I am sending this letter to cheer you up." Thanks. We felt much better when we had finished it.

H. D. (West Ham).—"Before playing football I always have a drink." And, no doubt, of something with a "kick" in it.

H. B. C. (New Cross).—"You do keep on hammering away at things." So long as the points get home we don't mind.

F. J. (Sidcup).—"The women of this country must pull themselves together." They do. Hence the fashionable flat figure.

B. R. (Lewes).—"My wife wants a gramophone for Christmas." Sounds very much like asking for competition, doesn't it?

FLORA (Finbury Park).—"I told the conductor that I wanted to get off but he took no notice." Perhaps his wife was on board.

"HANDYMAN" (E.2).—"Being a carpenter, I've saved £5 by making my own bedstead." So now you've something to fall back on.

L. N. (Halifax).—"The observance of superstition upsets our household." Then 18 at fable would undoubtedly find you all at 6's and 7's.

A. P. H. (Fulham).—"In my spare time, three evenings a week, I study Finance." Your wife, we expect, does it every night after you've retired.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

JOHN BULL'S

Great Xmas Gift to YOU

Had yours yet? Offer closes DEC. 31.

(See page 2)

GRAVES
'THIRTY'
30 PIECES, 30 GUARANTEESThe World's Finest Cutlery Value
Every piece warranted best qualityGraves Thirty Service Cutlery
includes: 1. Safety Razor, 2. Shaver,
3. Tooth Brush, 4. Tooth Paste,
5. Safety Razor, 6. Shaver, 7. Tooth
Brush, 8. Tooth Paste, 9. Safety
Razor, 10. Shaver, 11. Tooth Brush,
12. Tooth Paste, 13. Safety Razor,
14. Shaver, 15. Tooth Brush, 16. Tooth
Paste, 17. Safety Razor, 18. Shaver,
19. Tooth Brush, 20. Tooth Paste, 21.
Safety Razor, 22. Shaver, 23. Tooth
Brush, 24. Tooth Paste, 25. Safety
Razor, 26. Shaver, 27. Tooth Brush,
28. Tooth Paste, 29. Safety Razor,
30. Shaver.WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service
in approved orders for 30- year, and 10-
yearly. Money back if at all dissatisfied.WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of the
Graves Cutlery and Photo, Station
London, W.1. Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES LEE SHEPHERD**JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE!****THE
'NAPOLEON' COUGH CURE**Has never failed. It is a miraculous and sure
Remedy for coughs, colds, chest, throat and
lung troubles. For influenza and bronchitis
it is priceless. It soothes as it heals, acting
like magic upon children and adults. A genuine
and scientific product.
Post free, 1/6 and 2/6. Send P.O., not stamps.
H. R. HAY, Ltd., 3 & 4, Clement's
Isle, London, W.A.2.**VENEREAL DISEASES****'THE ODDS ARE AGAINST
YOU.'**Are you prepared to ruin your health,
perhaps for life? Are you pre-
pared to risk breaking up your home,
perhaps to infect your partner in
marriage, and bring into the world
children who become blind or die
early?A man or woman who leads an
unchaste life is practically certain
to contract Venereal Disease sooner
or later. Often a person is in-
fected the first time a risk is taken.If you desire information on this
subject, write to the Hon. Medical
Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P, Dean
Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1,
and his advice will be available
free at this address on Mondays,
Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30
to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and
Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No
examination or treatment is under-
taken at these offices.Five useful Booklets for Parents,
1/4 the set, post free.Six useful Booklets for Girls, 1/4
the set, post free.Seven useful Booklets for Young
Men, 1/5 the set, post free.**GRAVES**
**STYLISH
OVERCOATS.**Our self-measure-
ment Form enables
you to furnish us
with correct
measurements, and we
guarantee to supply a
stylish well-fitting garment.
WE DELIVER Overcoats to
approved orders for a small
payment with order. Balance
monthly, it is satisfied. Money
back in full if dissatisfied.
BATTERS POST FREE.
Send a post card for our full range
of patterns and fashionable
illustrations. Prices range from 60/-
to 100/- J. G. GRAVES LEE SHEPHERD**New Hair Growth**A multitude of men and women have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko,
with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling
out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many
cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics,
lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.**KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER****New Thick Growth After
Baldness.**

Mr. Alfreton, Derbyshire.

When my hair first commenced to fall when
brushed or combed, it did not bother me much;
but when the falling continued until at last bald
patches began to appear, I was very much worried.
By the time I decided to use Kotalko, my hair
was all completely off.Now, as you will see by the photograph, after
using two boxes of Kotalko, I have a new growth
of hair which has grown thick and is in splendid
condition.

(Mrs.) R. D. Ashmore.

**New Hair Grew
On Bald Places.**

Goxhill, Hull.

I can highly recommend Kotalko, for it is worth
its weight in gold. I was greatly troubled with
dandruff and falling hair and gradually the hair
came away, leaving me quite bald in parts.I quickly saw an improvement when I
commenced using Kotalko, for the dandruff began
to clear. Soon the falling stopped, and now hair
begins to grow on the bald places, and now my hair
is quite thick and free from all signs of dandruff,
thanks to Kotalko. I have recommended your
preparation to my friends, and shall be only
too pleased to recommend to all I meet in need
of such a hair-grower.You may use this testimony if you wish to do
so, and help convince the sceptical that Kotalko
is genuine.

George East.

**Big Patches of Baldness
Now Covered with Hair.**Bessbeck (York).
When I first sent for Kotalko I was practically
bald all over my head with great big patches of
baldness. Now, as you will see by my photo-
graph, after six months' use of Kotalko, I have
a good and thick a head of hair as anyone could
desire. The improvement was noticeable from
the very first box, and the complete new growth
was achieved by only two large boxes.

William Denton.

**Growth After Baldness.**Dungannon.
My head was all bald patches. Various pre-
parations had been used but had failed to bring
on the hair. This made me dubious about
Kotalko, but I decided to give it a chance. After
two months' use the hair started to grow on the
bald patches, and now after using six boxes my
head is absolutely normal, thick hair covering the
baldness and the scalp in splendid condition.
Kotalko has certainly worked wonders.

Robt. J. Wylla.

Success At Last.Reading.
I had become quite bald on the top of my head,
due to the constant falling and thinning of the
hair, although I had
used every possible
hair tonic, but now the
condition of my hair
speaks remarkably well
for the wonderful
powers of Kotalko.I need no longer
worry about going
completely bald, and I
shall do all in my
power to recommend
Kotalko. My wife and
daughter are so pleased
with results that they
have followed my
example.

W. G. Smith.

**Send or Copy this COUPON.**Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I
enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

33 P.M.

**KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER****Thick And Curly Hair.**

Mr. Farham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko I was quite bald.
I used to wear a silk cap to cover my head, as I
had given up all hope and was tired of trying
things to get my hair back again.My friends have watched the gradual change in
my head, from its milk-white baldness to its
present wonderful thickness of hair. I used to
apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the
hair grew all over my head in its natural brown
colour, and thick and curly as the photograph
shows.The new growth of hair is the talk of my neigh-
bours and friends. My grateful appreciation for
your good advice, and wishing you every success
to Kotalko, yours sincerely,
(Mrs.) Nellie O'Mell.**New Hair At 75.**

Carnarvonshire.

Kotalko has grown a nice lot of hair on the top
of my head, although I am 75 years of age. When
I was younger I had
a wonderful head of
hair, but it commenced
to fall out many years
ago, and I had tried
many things, but to
no avail, until I used
Kotalko. My friends
are surprised and my
barber is astonished at
my hair growing so
well, as shown in the
photograph. Kotalko
is grand and I am
proud to boast of such
a good head of hair at
my age.

James Harris.

**100,000
TEST BOXES**KOTALKO has components of genuine bear fat
(oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other
potent ingredients from the three Kingdoms of
Nature, in accord with the recipe of the original
compound, and modern improvements thereon.Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling
hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send
for a test box at once.
A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now
being made to those who apply—only one box
to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it
is only necessary to send threepence in stamps
to the address below.**JOHN HART BRITAIN LTD., 2, Percy St. (33 F.R.), LONDON, W.1**

Who is the most Popular Film Star?



1 Rudolph Valentino 2 Bette Davis 3 Ivor Novello 4 Alice Terry 5 Harold Lloyd
6 Norma Talmadge 7 Ramon Novarro 8 Jackie Coogan 9 Gloria Swanson 10 Betty Compson

£500 IN CASH PRIZES

MUST BE WON—NO ENTRANCE FEE!

and—a 1/- Packet of Real Glossy Photographs of Famous Film Stars **FREE** to every reader of "JOHN BULL" who enters for this fascinating Competition.★

THE GRAND PRIZE LIST

(No Entrance Fee)

1st Prize :
£250
2nd Prize :
£100
3rd Prize :
£50
4th Prize :
£25

25 Prizes of £1
50 Prizes of 10/-
200 Prizes of 2/6

If you are a lover of the films here is an opportunity to try your skill in the most fascinating Film Star Popularity Contest of all time. Your opinion may win you the Grand First Prize of £250, or one of the hundreds of other cash prizes. Remember—there is **no entrance fee** and all the prizes **must be won**.

Full particulars of this simple and absorbing Competition, together with a **FREE** Voting Coupon, will be found in the enlarged Christmas "Picturegoer"—now on sale at the usual price of one shilling. Secure your copy to-day.

The Christmas Picturegoer

The Movie Magazine de Luxe.

NOW ON SALE—ONE SHILLING.

Voucher 1/- PACKET OF REAL PHOTOGRAPHS **FREE**

GET a copy of the Christmas "Picturegoer" to-day. Enter for the Great £500 Film Star Popularity Contest on the **FREE** VOTING COUPON, which you will find on page 10 of the Christmas "Picturegoer." Post your Voting Coupon, together with this Voucher, to the "Picturegoer." As a special Free Gift, you will be sent by return of post, in exchange for this Voucher, a genuine 1/- packet of superb, real glossy Photographs (postcard size) of Rudolph Valentino, Norma Talmadge, Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry. In addition, you may win a huge Cash Prize. **N.B.**—This Voucher does not qualify you for a free 1/- packet of photographs unless it is accompanied by the Free Voting Coupon from the Christmas "Picturegoer." Another Free Voting Coupon appears in the January "Picturegoer," on sale Thursday, Jan. 1.

J.B. 27/12/24. Available until Jan. 3, 1925.

The Voucher opposite, which entitles you to the Free Gift of a 1/- Packet of Postcards, MUST be accompanied by the **FREE** Voting Coupon from the Christmas "Picturegoer," now on sale—one shilling.

Two Christmases in One

Double Your Joys by Sharing Them

A MERRY Christmas! The old, old wish came naturally to our lips, and we flung it carelessly over our shoulder to a policeman as we strolled down Long Acre late at night before seeing this issue of JOHN BULL to bed.

"Two merry Christmases for me, sir, if you don't mind," he called back.

"What d'you mean?" we asked, pulling up short at this unexpected reply.

"I always have two Christmases each year," he said, "and hope to have 'em for many years to come."

"Two Christmases each year! How d'you work that out?"

"Well, you see, sir, there's me and the missus and the kids, we always have our merry Christmas, and you should see 'em at it! My pay isn't so bad, and I've got a quid or two put by, and there's always the turkey and the Christmas pudding and the mince pies and all that at our house. But a year or two back one of the youngsters said to me, as he was nibbling a piece of cake he fancied and his mother had given him, though he had no room left to swallow it, 'Daddy, I don't think Jimmy gets cake like this, even at Christmas.'

"THAT set me thinking. Jimmy went to school with my boy, but his father was rather a handful when in drink, and after a bit of a dust up he was spending his Christmas inside, and the kid's remark set me wondering what sort of a time the family was having while we were enjoying ourselves.

"To put it shortly, I sent the missus round to see, and glad I was I did it. She came back and called me all sorts of names for thinking only of myself, which is woman-like, and she made up a market bag full of stuff for that family the like of which I'll swear they hadn't seen for many a long day."

"Jolly decent of her," we interposed.

"It wasn't that," said the constable, "though I'll admit she always had a soft heart where kids are concerned. It was about that time you had been asking everybody to give a 'Ninth' of what they had in their pockets to make poor people happy, saying that those who gave a 'Ninth' would always prosper, or something of that sort."

"Well?"

"Well, I can't say that we've wanted for anything since, but I do know, from what the wife told me, that the stuff she took round there, which wasn't nearly a ninth of what we had ourselves, was such a treat to them that we felt as though we had had two Christmases in one.

"So now when I buy the turkey, I put aside a 'Ninth' for some poor family, and the missus does the same when she buys the stuff for the pudding and mince pies, and when we raise our glasses on Christmas Day, we drink to the other party that we know is made happy by the 'Ninth' we sent to 'The Greatest of These—' Fund."

Send us a "Ninth" of your Christmas shopping bills, and double your joys.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to its Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1st 10th, Paganini, 1s.; Lucy Waterlane, 1s.; L. Duck, 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 2s.; Little Help, P. D., 6d.; Poul's Weekly Ninth, 1s. 6d.; "Our Ninth," 6s. 3d.; "Safiki," 21s.; Southend, 3s.; Chips XX., 2s. 6d.; Long Tom, 6d.; Target Winner, 1s.; "Lucky" 1s. 6d.; H. L. A. parcel and 1s.; Melton Mowbray, 10s.; E. H. (Rhy), 2s.; T. Simmonds (Oswie), 10s.; 6s.; My Ninth, 1s. 6d.; (1st winner, 640), 6s.; Garnet, 4s.; J. Almond, 1s.; H. Poole, 6d.; W. Gibson, 6s.; F. H. T. 1s.; Thankful, 1s.; Mrs. J. Todd, 2s. and parcel; Warpsite, parcel; Mrs. L. parcel; J. Anderson (2nd winner, 641), 2s.; "Bill Nite," 1s.; J. W. Johnson (641), 6s.; "Esperance," 6 francs; Enfield Lock, 2s.; "Garden of Love," 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Betty, 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; J. S., 1s.; "My Second Ninth," 1s.; Hard Up, 1s. 3d.; Hull, 1s.; Mother's Mite, 1s.; A Tooting Nurse, 3s. 3d.; Cheerful, 2s. 6d.; A. D. Mather, 10s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; Turkey Trot, 1s. 6d.; M. T. F., 7d.; Still Unlucky, 3d.; X., 1s.; W. M. 1s.; M. A., 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; W. M. Cooper, 2s.; 6d.; Rotherham, 6d.; Watford, 1s.; Wellisher, 2s. 6d.; Stoke Newington, 6d.; H. C., 1s.; Poor Widow, 4d.; Signor, 2s. 6d.; "One of the Fighting Ninth," 2s.; H. B. 6d.; Phelo, 1s.; Mrs. R. G. Allen, 6d.; W. Cissell, 1s.; J. Cockburn, 6s.; Anon., 1s.; Help Others, 1s.; Mrs. Brooks, parcel; Miss Franklin, parcel; F. G. Stevens, parcel and 6s. 6d.; "All I Can Do," 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; L. Duck, 6d.; E. M. Beckett, 2s.; Little Help, 1s.; "Our Ninth," 6s. 3d.; "Safiki," 21s.; T. G. 6s.; 3s. 6d.; L. S., 2s. 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; H. L. A. parcel and 1s.; Melton Mowbray, 10s.; E. H. (Rhy), 2s.; T. Simmonds (Oswie), 10s.; 6s.; My Ninth, 1s. 6d.; (1st winner, 640), 6s.; Garnet, 4s.; J. Almond, 1s.; H. Poole, 6d.; W. Gibson, 6s.; F. H. T. 1s.; Thankful, 1s.; Mrs. J. Todd, 2s. and parcel; Warpsite, parcel; Mrs. L. parcel; J. Anderson (2nd winner, 641), 2s.; "Bill Nite," 1s.; J. W. Johnson (641), 6s.; "Esperance," 6 francs; Enfield Lock, 2s.; "Garden of Love," 1s.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Betty, 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; J. S., 1s.; "My Second Ninth," 1s.; Hard Up, 1s. 3d.; Hull, 1s.; Mother's Mite, 1s.; A Tooting Nurse, 3s. 3d.; Cheerful, 2s. 6d.; A. D. Mather, 10s.; Friday's Ninth, 6d.; Turkey Trot, 1s. 6d.; M. T. F., 7d.; Still Unlucky, 3d.; X., 1s.; W. M. 1s.; M. A., 6d.; A. Thom, 1s.; W. M. Cooper, 2s.; 6d.; Rotherham, 6d.; Watford, 1s.; Wellisher, 2s. 6d.; Stoke Newington, 6d.; H. C., 1s.; Poor Widow, 4d.; Signor, 2s. 6d.; "One of the Fighting Ninth," 2s.; H. B. 6d.; Phelo, 1s.; Mrs. R. G. Allen, 6d.; W. Cissell, 1s.; J. Cockburn, 6s.; Anon., 1s.; Help Others, 1s.; Mrs. Brooks, parcel; Miss Franklin, parcel; F. G. Stevens, parcel and 6s. 6d.; "All I Can Do," 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; (Many as noted; ments unavoidably held over)

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. You have the guarantee whether the article admits of a laboratory test or not.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.



Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL"

"Bullets" of 1924

AFTER wishing everybody—new, old or prospective competitors—a very Happy New Year, let us look back through what has been a very happy Old Year for so many *Bullets* big prize-winners; one may well gather a hint or two on making *Bullets* from a brief review of their successful efforts.

The first £1,000 of 1924 was secured by Mr. William Fowler, of 2, Woodside Terrace, Halifax, for the *Bullet*—THE MAIN OBJECT—APPARENTLY MR. CROSSING ROAD—a humorous effort calculated to make even a pedestrian laugh!

Miss Eileen O'Shea, a young Irish girl employed by Messrs. Crotty's, 62, Grafton Street, Dublin, headed the next £1,000 prize-list with the *Bullet*—YOUTH—"CAGED"—WILL BECOME "WILD." It should be noticed how the sound sentiment behind this effort is given much additional point by the clever word-play, a method which often produces a distinctive *Bullet*.

Some weeks later, an ex-officer, struggling on an inadequate pension, Mr. H. G. Brett, of Church Road, Tiptree, recognised in our first Guineas Offer of 1924 an opportunity to solve his financial difficulties. His Thousand Guineas *Bullet*—OUR DRINK—IS "DEAR" AMERICA'S "DEPARTED," is another instance of a perfect word-play ingeniously employed.

In Competition No. 523, Mr. William Duffy, of Field House, Scarborough Road, Driffield, relied for success on a somewhat different type of *Bullet*, and was justified by his £1,000 for the forcible effort—IN OTHER LANDS—KINGS PROTECTED—HERE RESPECTED.

The first £1,500 of the year was offered during July, and attracted the attention of a young postal worker, Mr. B. Chamberlin, of 51, Shelton Street, Nottingham. Having entered on only one previous occasion, Mr. Chamberlin again proved that experience is not essential to *Bullets* success by his First Prize of £1,500 for the ingenious word-twist—A DAY AT WEMBLEY—FIRM PAYS—PAYS FIRM.

A few weeks later came another £1,000 contest, in which Mr. Sydney Lee, of 9, Llanfair Road, Stockport, gained First Prize for his thoughtful *Bullet*—NEXT WAR—BULLETIN—"FOLLOWING TOWNS MISSING—" Mr. Lee, whose previous best prize had been a *Bullet* Turkey, phrased his grim forecast of the next war with outstanding originality—and benefited accordingly.

In October we repeated our £1,500 Offer of July, and a young book-keeper, Mr. George A. Symonds (competing in his Christian name of "George"), of 10, Quested Houses, Brett Road, Hackney, E., secured this staggering prize. His £1,500 effort, WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS—"BIRTH" OF GOVERNMENTS "CONTROLLED," a well-chosen word-play that shrewdly reflected public opinion, is another model *Bullet* of 1924.

This brings us to the last £1,000—and to one of the best *Bullets* of the year, the work of Mr. T. Simpson, proprietor of the Ex-service Oil Stores, Bury St. Edmunds, who competed in the name of "Simmonds." In effective phrasing and forceful expression his winning *Bullet*, WINSTON CHURCHILL—PAST-MASTER PAST CAN'T MASTER, is an object-lesson to other competitors.

So much for 1924, which will be remembered more for its fine prize-lists than its fine days.

And now *Bullets*, live and vigorous as ever, passes on to 1925, celebrating the New Year with a series of attractive offers that will appeal to competitors who can think and act quickly. Watch this page for full details next week.

BULLETS FIRST PRIZE

2nd Prize

£100

\$500

3rd Prize

£50

4th Prize

£25

10 PRIZES

£15

100 PRIZES

£1

240 PRIZES

£2

5th Prize

£10

200 at 5/- 500 at 2/6 4,000 Target Prizes

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 546.

1925
EMPTY STOCKING
WHEN CHRISTMAS IS OVER
OFFICE TOOL
MY NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
KING BABY
AFTER FIRST WEEK
TAKING WIFE
WITHOUT A LICENCE
FROM AMERICA
ROUND THE TABLE
MIDNIGHT OIL
WHEN VISITORS CALL
IN SIGHT
EASIER SAID THAN DONE
I EXPECT
TAKEN BY SURPRISE
BETWEEN FRIENDS
BEST CURE
WHEN SHE GETS HOME
GUIDING STAR
OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY
INQUISITIVE
THE OTHER SIDE
LIKE ME
EASY TO TELL
WHAT THE BACHELOR SAID
MAGIC CARPET
SEX WAR
WHY FATHER LEFT
ON THE BILL
WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
 2. *Bullets* must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
 3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
 4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
 5. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
 6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.
- Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSPAPER PRIZES.
 Coupons for 25, 50 and 100 respectively will be sent to the winners from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 546 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" - NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four Words having some bearing on the *Examples* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example :—WINSTON CHURCHILL *Bullet* :—PAST-MASTER PAST CAN'T MASTER.

Example :—WHAT THE PRISONER SAID *Bullet* :—"IN—ON TWELVE VOTES!"

Example :—THE CAUSE *Bullet* :—OF ROWDYISM, TRUTH UNANSWERABLE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 546, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 1.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(546) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
 Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 1.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(546) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
 Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 1.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(546) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
 Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 1.

Example _____
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(546) P.O. No. _____
 I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
 Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The Result of "Bullets" 1,500 Guineas Christmas Offer (Competition No. 544) will appear in next week's issue.

Startling NEW YEAR PRIZES Coming!

BOVRIL



Don't forget the Bovril!

